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LE RACONTEUR



WESTDALE • 1951
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LE RACONTEUR

● PUBLISHED ANNUALLY

BY THE STUDENTS OF

WESTDALE

AND CAPABLY GUIDED

BY OUR TEACHERS



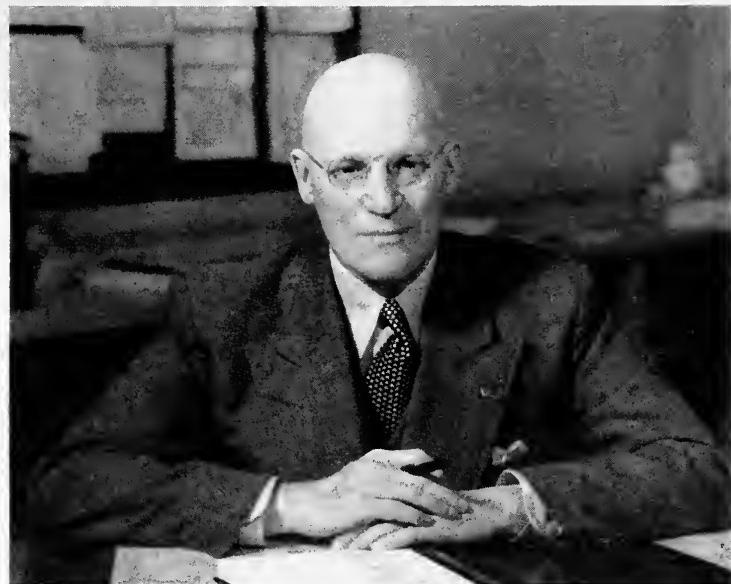
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PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

We at Westdale recognize the aim of education to be to train and to develop good citizens, to strengthen and perpetuate our Canadian freedom and to encourage liberty throughout the world by developing young men and young women who are self-supporting and self-reliant, with the satisfaction of right living and the confidence of right convictions.

As we watch the storm clouds of communist perfidy and aggression gather and darken on the horizon we must realize that never before in the history of the world have free men required the same unyielding moral courage to defend their liberties and ultimately to ensure a society founded on freedom, justice and respect for the individual.

Upon each of you, students of Westdale, graduate and undergraduate,

weighs the responsibility. Bear it with the same resolution as did our forefathers who persevered in the past to rise from the slavery and inhumanities of the Middle Ages, those same which now reach out for us again from the depths of Soviet despotism.

I hope that all for whom this may be the last year in the school will continue to achieve and cherish happiness and good fortune, and will always recall the influences and the good fellowship and the days at Westdale.

Before closing I would like to commend the president and members of the Triune Student Council for the democratic conduct of student activities throughout the year and to congratulate the editor and staff of Le Ranconteur for this pleasing edition of 1951.

LE RACONTEUR STAFF

1950 - 1951



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Art Advisor



DOUG HADDOW
Advertising



LOUISE ONISCHUK
Grads



JIM FISH
Photography



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Social and Clubs



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Sports Advisor



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Art Editor



MARJORIE COLART
Girls' Sports



BARRY JOLLEY
Art Editor



BILL BELL
Boys' Sports

EDITORIALS

Are Young People Going To The Dogs?

From time to time we are reminded sadly of the sins and shortcomings of the rising generation. Are these remarks true? Is there hope for the world when it passes into the careless hands of the youth of today?

Criticism of young people by their elders is by no means new. Evidences of this can be found in hieroglyphics on the walls of ancient Egypt or in the writings of Cicero. "The world is passing through troubled times. Young people of today think of nothing but themselves. They have no reverence for parents or old age. They talk as if they knew everything, and what passes as wisdom with us is foolishness with them." These exasperated sentiments of Peter the Hermit in the eleventh century could be matched in our current magazines and newspapers.

Ever since the dawn of human history, two things have been happening; age has looked with dis-

approval on the habits of youth, and youth has looked with disapproval on the views and practices of age. These attitudes are probably due to different circumstances: for everyone is a product of his own locality and his own time. The manners and standards of conduct of the young people of today are not more widely divergent from those of their parents, than were their parents' standards from those acceptable in the Victorian era.

In this changing world of today young people have developed many good qualities. They are frank and forthright and meet difficulties with independence and initiative. Their tolerance of other races augurs well for world understanding. Young people are not deteriorating; with enthusiasm and energy, they are preparing to accept their responsibility in promoting progress in their time.

M.J.M.

A Turn In The Road

Some of us have come to the top of a hill and the turn in a road—our last year in high school. To look back is to see in review a pleasant blur, of halls filled with students, their arms piled high with books, of assemblies, of classrooms and the hum of teachers' voices, of gyms and the darting figures in a basketball game, or to feel again the excitement of rugby games in crisp Octobers and ourselves a part of the cheering crowd. A life apart from this picture is hard to imagine. The job next year or the new school seem far in the future and yet already the things we don't want to remember are fading—the examination room with its

dreadful hush, the lost games, the reports not good enough, the detentions.

Some things we can never forget. They will always be a part of us. We will remember gratefully the teachers who believed in us and urged us to do better. We will remember, too, those teachers who tried to share with us an enthusiasm for their subjects. Perhaps the truth of the matter is that we will remember the people of Westdale, students and teachers. We can only hope that in future years none of them will have cause to be too disappointed in us.

N.D.T.

Tenth Period

What does Westdale Secondary School mean to you, fellow students? Is it just a large edifice that you visit five days a week for lack of anything better to do, or is it something more than that? If it isn't, it should be!

Westdale is one of the largest and best-equipped schools in the British Empire, but only a small percentage of its hundreds of students appreciate and enjoy it. Yes, I said "enjoy it", for going to high school is really fun if you do more than just sit in class exposed to education until four o'clock and then wander home. Some night when you have nothing else to do, hang around, and if you are in the right places at the right times, you may discover how the Westdalites with genuine school spirit enjoy themselves. Perhaps an intermittent banging will attract you to the basement where any number of boys are anxiously awaiting their turn to fire ten rounds at the elusive bulls-eye. Many of them never even come close, but they all have fun trying.

If you stumble into the gym, you may see the

members of the decorations committee transforming a basketball court into a ballroom for the next dance. They will likely be there until midnight, but they don't mind. The knowledge that they are doing something impressive and important for Westdale is a sufficient reward. As you leave the gym and head for the corridor, don't open the door too suddenly; you may hit a speeding member of the track team, who is training hard for the Westdale relay squad. Why don't you glance into a class room or two? They are not as empty as you think. In one there may be a few students and teachers chuckling over literary contributions to the school magazine; in another, a few more enjoying a game of chess; and in still another, the orchestra or the choir happily preparing for the next assembly.

Westdale is your school, fellow students; yours to enjoy and yours to be proud of. It offers to all its students opportunities for extra learning and pleasure, unsurpassed anywhere. How foolish it would be to pass them up!

R.G.D.

GRACIAS

This year's magazine was produced with the usual "blood, sweat, and tears" on the part of nearly all concerned. We, the editors, would like to take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks to all the teachers and students who gladly spent so much of their valuable time in helping to make this year's magazine possible. A special note of thanks is due to Mr. Dunkin and Mr. Noad, our general advisors, Mr. McCord and the art department, Miss Smith and her advertising staff, the photography committee under Mr. Smith, and the Triune.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

How often we have heard the statement that what Westdale lacks and needs most is school spirit! It is, of course, true. But before that indefinable spirit becomes a reality instead of merely a word, there must be a firm foundation built for it. There must be respect for the school, pride in, and loyalty for it, and the knowledge that one can find there more than just halls and classrooms, teachers and books. This is not easy to acquire. It cannot be attained by pleas, or demands, or pep speeches insisting that we must support this or that, or we lack school spirit. It must be entirely voluntary, or it cannot exist at all.

Just as we must know before we honour a person that he is worthy of our respect, we must first know that Westdale is a school worthy of our spirit. Here at Westdale, there are many of us who criticize certain things about the school. This is a healthy attitude, for in those schools where there is not an opening for opinions, dissatisfaction lurks in every corner. Therefore, we should have a sympathetic ear for these criticisms. Many are correct and suggest simple remedies. All show that the students are interested enough in their school to want to improve it. We must first be proud of our school, and from that school spirit will follow naturally.

This "Letters to the Editor" column is a valuable addition to "Le Raconteur". It is a place for honest evaluation and praise where praise is due. It allows us to bring any faults we find into the open, air them, and decide on their importance. It is a stepping-stone toward that pride in a school that instills in its students school spirit.

PAT ROBINSON, 11-A.

Dear Editor:

On behalf of the Upper School students, we would like to offer a vote of thanks to all the teachers of the school, but, more particularly, to the Upper School teachers. These are the hard-working people, who, every year, devote so much of their private, as well as school time, in extra classes and the many extra-curricular activities of the school. Although it may not always be apparent, the students really do appreciate this much-needed assistance, which is given to us so generously by our teachers. Once again, may we, on behalf of the graduating class, offer our most sincere thanks to all the very hard-working teachers of our school.

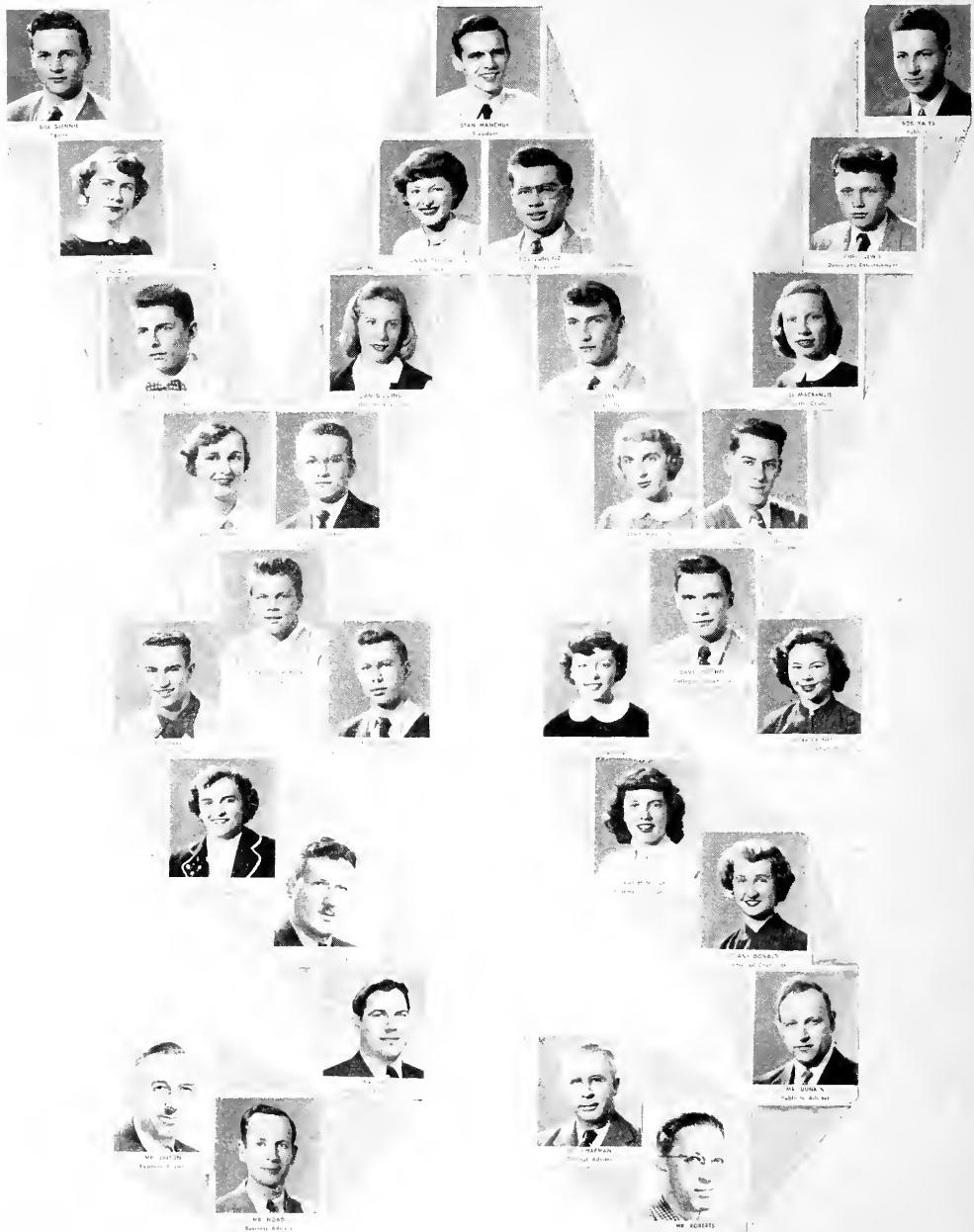
DONNA MARSHALL,
RON ROLLS.

Dear Editor:

The Prom of '51 was truly a wonderful occasion. The culmination of the year's social activity was held in a transformed gym, beautifully decorated and lighted—a transformation which took a great deal of work and time. At this point I imagine congratulatory words would be in order for the Dance and Entertainment Committee, but to extend them would be without any sincere measure of appreciation. I was present during the decorating of the gyms. I was there when the fantasy was dismantled, and I have never seen such disinterest on the part of the hierarchy of the Entertainment Committee as was exhibited on those occasions. There were more people working on the event who were in no way connected with the committee than those who were. I am not condemning the committee, only its leaders. If it had not been for some of the executive of the Triune and Mac's Bill Hamilton, there would have been no Prom simply because of the laxity clearly displayed on the part of certain individuals. The tragedy of the affair is that congratulations are bestowed upon these undeserving people. Not here. We say thanks to those unsung kids who stayed up till one o'clock Thursday night; worked till six on Friday and returned at nine o'clock Saturday morning to clean up. And, to those whose duty it was to "boss" the Prom we say—it was really a beautiful effort. Too bad, it wasn't your fault.

BILL TITTENSOR.

TRIUNE EXECUTIVE



TRIUNE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Writing a report is something I like to do, although I never seem to get around to doing it. The usual report is an itemized account of activities, but this year, I will depart from custom, and reminisce over the events of the past year.

As I am writing this, I recall with pleasure the football games and the fun we used to have there singing songs (I love a billboard) and cheering the team on to victory. I also recall the Sadie Hawkins dance where we packed them in with a shoehorn, the Prom which looked like a scene from the "Arabian Nights," and the basketball games and cheerleaders. These scenes, as I look back, were well forth the effort the various committees spent in presenting them, and I would like to congratulate them on doing such fine jobs. My congratulations to Chris Lewis and the Dance and Entertainment Committee, Bob Yates and the Publications Committee, Joan Boswell and the Drama and Music Committee, Bill Glennie and the Sports and Games

Committee, Triune Secretary Anna Gonda, Bob Cunliffe (vice-president), and the Finance Committee. These are the people who were responsible for most of the fun you have had at Westdale this year and who will be responsible for other events which at this time have not yet been presented. I would also like to thank the teachers, others and students alike, for their helpful suggestions and for the co-operation they have extended to me during the past year.

In parting I would like to wish you the best (meaning success in your exams.) To those who, like me, do not expect to be back next year, I say, "We have done our job, the rest is up to you". To those returning next year, I say, "Join at least one activity, you will never regret it, as it will help you on the road of life and will make lasting friendships." Should I not see you again, "au revoir, and it's been nice knowing you."

STAN MANCHUK.

TRIUNE FINANCIAL REPORT

Since the Triune handles approximately ten thousand dollars yearly in expenditures and receipts, the management of this money must receive very careful attention. Besides the actual cash handled each year the Triune also must keep track of its properties, such as public address system, projector, etc., which are worth nearly three thousand dollars. These two responsible tasks fall to the finance committee.

The finance committee is composed of the chairmen and advisors of the four committees of the Triune with the vice-president acting as chairman. At the beginning of the year the finance committee passes the budget for the coming year and then makes sure that they are adhered to.

The receipts and expenditures are as follows:

Dance and Entertainment Committee

Receipts	\$1,555.00
Expenditures	1,455.00
Balance	\$ 100.00

Sports and Games Committee

Receipts	\$2,560.00
Expenditures	2,495.05
Balance	\$ 64.95

Music and Drama Committee

Receipts	\$ 800.00
Expenditures	725.00
Balance	\$ 75.00

Publication and Publicity Committee

Receipts	\$1,750.00
Expenditures	1,545.00
Balance	\$ 205.00

Total Receipts	\$6,665.00
Total Expenditures	6,220.05
Balance	\$ 444.95
General Expense	300.00
Total Balance	\$ 144.95

VALEDICTORIAN ADDRESS

DAVE WILES

The time has come for the graduates of 1950 to say farewell to Westdale, and to set out on the uncertain paths of the future. But first let us look back on our enjoyable years at Westdale. Our High School careers have been packed with pleasure as well as with work. Each of us found his own particular interests and, by leading an active life, made many friends among the staff and students. But we came to secondary school for more than just a good time. In attempting to procure a well rounded education we hoped to live richer, fuller lives and prepare ourselves for future responsibilities and experiences.

Surely the word "commencement" has a deep significance, for in graduating we are entering upon real life with its increasing duties and tasks. It is now time for us to apply our recently acquired knowledge for the benefit of society. With a more mature outlook on life and an improved sense of judgment we must face the problems with which the atomic age confronts us.

How well has Westdale prepared us to meet this challenge? My fellow graduates will agree with me that we have made great strides forward in the progress of life, in the formation of character and the standards upon which to base our decisions. While our years of high school have not completed our education they have helped us to form opinions, to acquire interests, to make new

friendships, and to strengthen old ones. Above all, our careers at Westdale have brought self-reliance, discretion, and the ability to meet difficult situations with confidence. We have learned not only how to acquire knowledge but how to use it to the greatest advantage. Perhaps some members of the graduating class of '50 are wondering why this didn't happen to them when they went to high school. I think it did whether they knew it or not.

In attending Westdale we have received numerous benefits that other secondary school graduates have not. In spite of the fact that Delta is now larger, this building is one of the finest of its kind on the continent. The facilities both academic and athletic are superlative and the extra-curricular program is, I think, as varied and successful as that at any comparable high school. I'm proud to say, "I'm a graduate of Westdale!"

On graduating, we realize how much we owe to our teachers. If at times we thought them queer or unreasonable, we should realize just how odd some of us must have seemed to them. It is my impression that they are as friendly a group of people as would be met anywhere. Their untiring efforts on our behalf, and their continual interest in our welfare are things which we graduates realize and for which we are thankful. May we show by our attainments in the future, our gratefulness for their skillful instruction.

GRADS



ANNE AIKENS

Past—Somerville; Present—Murray Thomas; Future—???

Nickname—"Spud"; Ambition—Secretary.

Probable Destination—Janitress at the Dept. of Agriculture.

GEORGE ALDWORTH

Past—Doubtful; Present—Shady; Future—Anybody's guess.

Ambition—R.M.C., Kingston.

Probable Destination—Smashing cars at Brady's fender benders.

Pet Saying—Utt!

MARYLOU ARCHER

The nightingale of our class,
Is "Lulabelle", a Lynden lass.
To work for a doctor she will go,
When she gets some money, to Ottawa she'll blow.

TANNA ATTACK

Here's our hep kid from Special C.
She'll go places you wait and see.
Although her ambition is to be a stenographer.
She will probably model for a photographer.

MARJORIE BAKER

Marjorie's the girl with the quiet air,
Light blue eyes and dark brown hair.
Points she scores in languages four;
She's off to "Mac" to learn some more.

HARRY BARR

With all his contributions to the school magazine,
Why he lacks a good write-up cannot be seen.

CAROL BARRETT

Past—Unknown; Present—Levon; Future—Levon; Ambition—
Doctor's Secretary; Probable Destination—Scrub-woman in
doctor's office; Pet Peeve—French; Favourite Saying—"Oh,
fiddle;" Favourite Past-time—Leafing.

DONNA LEE BATZOLD

As a week-end hostess she's okay,
She pleases her guests in every way.
To be a nurse we ascertain
Westdale's loss; the General's gain.

DOUG BELL

Four years on the gridiron, a career in sight,
Everything's bound to turn out "Wright".
Destined to be a man of means,
After he gets his M.D. at Queen's.

RON BELL

Past—Ryerson; Present—High Marks.
Future—General Manager; Probable Destination—Companion
for the "Lonesome Gal". Selling potatoes at the market.

BILL BELL

Tall and dark is this western lad,
With his corny jokes he drives us all mad.
Although a lawyer he hopes to be
There's doubt that he'll leave 13 C.

CLAUDE BIANCUCCI

Claude, a lineman who's tough to beat,
In sports and studies he's all reet.
At U. of T. he'll play and get his degree
Then he'll be a dentist, O woe is me!

DON BLACKBOROW

In training for a dentist
At Toronto soon he'll be,
All basketball and football
Are behind; not Marjorie.

OWEN BORIS

Owen, our scholar on the bottom rung,
Rides his motor cycle that has one lung,
His ambition, is planes to design some day,
Meanwhile he's our pride of 13A.

DOROTHY BOWES

Dot Bowes is the athlete in 12F class,
Around her flock the boys en masse.
Her pet peeve's school, ambition none,
And everyone knows she's a lot of lun.





BRUCE BRACE

Favourite Past—Looking for old "Guineas; Favourite Expression—"Ever smooth"; Ambition—To be a professional "Numismatist" (It's in the dictionary); Probable Destination—Second helper to the third assistant draftsman at Slaters.

ALLAN BRAITHWAITE

Allan is our smiling boy,
Each new day he brings some joy.
We wish him luck in all he does—
Just because we do—

ELAINE BRAITHWAITE

She is the cute little lass
Who talks about baseball and hockey in class.
We wish her success, whether she be bound for an office gay,
Or that certain young man who passes her way.

PATRICIA BRAITHWAITE

Nickname—Pat; Pet Aversion—French homework; Favourite Expression—"Think I'll get a letter today?" Ambition—To graduate; Probable Destination—Raising ten kids.
GOOD LUCK, Pat.

ROBERT BRECHIN

He may be short but that's no diff—
It's a brain that counts and that's his gift,
With the girls he's quite a man
And to be a salesman is his plan.

WAYMAN BRIDGE

Chief Interest—Women, women and more women; Favourite Saying—"Do you really want me to?" Ambition—To be a Minister; Probable Destination—Planting Jack-in-Pulpits in Hamilton Rock Gardens.

KEITH BROKER

This happy lad with a future so bright,
Spend's time at Adele's, and it's usually night,
Although he likes to doodle and caper
He'll probably end up hanging wall-paper.

AL BROOKSON

Pastime—Helping Evans waste time and hiding from Mr. Turner by sneaking into the Radio Shop to watch television. Future—Collecting his unemployment insurance and blowing fuses. Pet Peeves—Everything.

DON BROWN

Nickname—"Browny". Favourite Expression—"Saying Nothing." Pastime—Being the most quiet boy in the class. Ambition—Taking over the Ford Plant. Probable Destination—Cox & Brown Car Wash.

BARRY BROWNING

Nickname—"Briez". Pastime—Washing dishes with Donna. Pet Aversion—Washing dishes. Ambition—Law. Probable Destination—Selling polar pies at the Capitol during intermission.

ANN BULMER

Past—Souter. Present—Richard. Future—Modelling at Joe Wilson's. Ambition—Settle down and have 10 kids. Probable Destination—Sweeping stairs at Arthur Murray's.

BOB CALDER

Cut on the field he's full of fight
Back to Westdale is his plight.
As Junior coach he's on the beam
"Sam's" the man to coach your team.

MARGARET CALDER

Margaret is from the "Scotch Block" location,
Studying Physic, Trig. and H2 S O4.
Intends to be a third rate mathematician,
Likely to end up scrubbing a farm-house floor.

BILL CAMERON

Bill over there with the flaming red hair
Had for boring old school work very little flair.
In the mad confusion before the Easter test,
To leave our dear school, he thought 'twould be best.

COLIN CAMPBELL

Colin hails from West Toronto.
And each week-end he returns there pronto.
He wants to be a gentleman farmer
But will probably end up being a plumber.

DENNIS CANTLON

Dennis Cantlon a right nice guy,
In chemistry his future will try;
With basketball and a girl like Dot,
Someday he's sure to hit the top.

MARIE CAUZ

Marie is the gal with lots of ambition
To be a secretary is what she's wishin',
She does her work well, and that's no fooling.
Best of Luck, Marie, in whatever you'll be doing.

Laura CHALECKI

Laura's marks are mostly "A's",
Although her pet saying is "No homework today,"
Her typing and shorthand she did acquire,
Now to be a secretary is her desire.

CLARE CHESNEY

Nickname—"Cheesey." Past—Terry. Present—Anna. Future—Just ask Anna. Ambition—to graduate from Westdale's hallowed halls. Probable Destination—Feeding Pigeons in Gore Park.

BILL CHRISTMAS

Favourite Expression—"What was that, Huh." —Pastime—Tearing through West Hamilton on his motor cycle with Smitty. Ambition—to get 110%, at present around 99%. Probable Destination—Leader of the Black Hawks.

ARLENE COGGINS

This sprightly miss with untold vim,
In volleyball did help us win;
Her future plans are all at sea,
Will it be Normal or U. of T.?

PETE COLLINS

Here's the Jr. Ben Hogan Westdale High,
Shoots nothing but pars, and that's no lie,
Just look at that smile, girl, does it make your heart fly
Well, don't get excited, he's awfully shy.

ELENA COLTEL

Ambition—Private Secretary. Probable Destination—Waitress.
Pet Saying—Huh! Pet Peeve—Spraining her ankle.

KATHERINE COLTART

Kathy's had a good time here
And to Normal she'll go next year.
Will her pupils have to wait?
Since Kathy's noted for being late.

MARJORIE COLTART

Marjorie is Mr. McAndrew's delight,
Although she is not always quite right, (in dem Kopf.)
Off to Mac she'll go next year,
And leave us crying in our beer.

DONNA COOPER

Donna is a cheerful lass,
Who breezes late into every class.
To teaching now she doth aspire,
And we'll hope she'll find her heart's desire.

MAEGARET CORNETT

Marg is our student who has great ambition,
Both in her studies and as a physician.
To Queen's next year is her foremost aim,
And there she's sure to win great fame.

PAUL COX

Nickname—"Sleepy." Favourite Expression—"Where's Brown?"
Pastime—Trying hard to look ambitious. Ambition—the garage business. Probable Destination—Running a gas station on the corner of River and Railroad.

SHIRLEY CRAIG

This red-haired miss a nurse will be,
Her leaving we will hate to see.
But on she goes to something better
To capture yet another letter. (R.N.)

WARREN CURRIE

This fellow the star of the rifle team is,
He always shoots a target worth showing.
He hopes to be an optometrist,
And make people see where they're going.

CHAS. V. CUTTRISS

The former lone wolf of bygone track teams,
Is now working hard, preparing more schemes.
To try and win races, sprints, and relays—
Why, he might even be water-boy one of these days.

RON DAVIDSON

Western and Medicine are this boy's aim,
But chasing morgue wagons will be his fame.
Shooting golf is what he does best—
But 4 putts at Dundas—Gad! what a mess!

RON DAVIS

Nickname—"Lou". Favourite Expression—"Got any New Jokes?" Pastime—Bonk's Billiards. Ambition—Ship building tycoon. Probable Destination—Spending his day on the beach at Turkey Point with Dot.

MARY DICKSON

No great heights scaled, no brooks on fire,
Her one achievement in five long years,
Just being Mary,
Which pleases some of us more than somewhat!

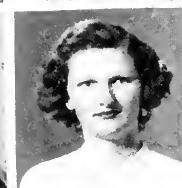
DIANE DONALD

This kid, Diane, is full of vitality
And she is known for her grand personality.
As Treasurer of the Triune she was elected,
We hope her future will be carefully selected.

NICK DOWHANIK

Favourite Pastimes—Football, rowing, managing the junior basketball team, hustling Le Raconteur tickets for L. O., and doing math. during literature periods.
He's trying to get Dofasco to send him to Ryerson—hah!
Future—???





DOREEN DUNCAN

This dark haired twin is quite a lass
And as by chance she had a pass.
She journeys on to something new
For as a nurse we're sure she'll do.

DAN DWYER

Dan's no fool while he's at school,
But wouldn't life be very cruel,
If perchance, he acquired his M.D.
Then peddled pills to you and me.

JOAN ELLIOTT

Joan's a gal with a gift for the gab,
Whose heart's in McMaster's Chemistry lab,
But to Toronto she must go,
To nurse those children and cheer their woe.

RON EVANS

Nickname—"Ev." Ron loves to go hunting and if he had his way Wednesday would be a holiday. Pastime—Looking into Dorothy's eyes. Ambition—to have a duel with a certain teacher. Future—Going to Hudson Bay in the next war.

JOHN EYDT

Past—Student. Present—Student. Future—Still a student. Ambition—to pass 5th form. Probable Destination—Digging ditches for city of Hamilton Water Works. Favourite saying—"What a weekend!"

RON EYDIT

Though Ron's our shy boy he's a darned nice guy;
But girls alas, he lets pass by.
Happy, go-lucky and full of zest,
Whatever he does, we wish him the best.

GEORGE FESWICK

Nickname—"Fizz." Favourite Saying—"You dog." Ambition—Salesman for DeVilbiss Spray Painting Equipment. Probable Destination—Sandpapering for dad.

DIANE FOLEY

Westdale's loss is Ryerson's gain,
Interior decorating is her aim.
We all will bid her sad adieu,
For girls like her are all too few.

BOB FORTUNA

Nickname—Rockhead ("Rock" for short). Pastime—Danny's Billiard Academy. Pet Aversion—Work. Ambition—Retire at 25. Probable Destination—Shining shoes at old people's home.

JEAN FOX

Jean's the girl who's right in step,
In Latin and History she's full of pep.
Next year for Varsity halls she's bound,
To study law and paint the town.

RUSS FRASER

In model "A" Ford, he runs to and fro,
Off to Florida he'd like to go.
Twice in a week he busted his beak,
Fame and fortune is what he seeks.

GUY FRENCH

Nickname—Geep. Most noted achievements—Taking fifth Latin, going steady for thirteen months. Pastimes—Dropping ball on a goal-line; picking up injuries. Ambition—Law. Probable Destination—Kingston Penitentiary or Korea.

MATHEW FUJINO

Fujino is our boy; oh boy,
Does he make Mr. Roberts jump for joy,
When he starts to play the Westdale song,
To make the people leave doesn't take long.

NANCY GALBRAITH

Nancy is a cheerful lass,
In basketball she heads the class.
Home Economics is her chosen career,
Looks quite bad for Doug we fear!

VALERIE GARDINER

Valerie's life was one big riddle
When she road the blue piddled,
To work for a lawyer is her yen,
She swears she'll be a lone old hen.

JULIETTE GARNHAM

Ambition—Ask that guy from Mac. Probable Destination—That guy from Mac asking her. Favourite Expression—"Go out with him Anna." Pet Peeve—Homework. Noted Achievement—Obtaining a certain Mac pin.

DAVID GIGLIA

Nickname—"Gig." Gig is a fellow who's got quite a name.
Some day he'll be in Football's hall of fame. Ambition—Head of Steel Co. Machine Shop. Probable Destination—Being first class milkman for?

HELEN GILBANK

For next year Helen has great ambition,
She hopes to enrol at a place in Kingston;
Then she'll be cheering for the yellow, blue and red,
And Ban Righ hall will be the place for her bed.

CARL GLASS

Ambition—Becoming a one-fingered typist after chopping all his fingers off in the planer. So far, he's done quite well (chopping, that is). He'll end up feeding his dog his finger-tip cuttings.

ANNA GONDA

Noted Achievement—Triune Secretary. Pet Peeve—Stale jokes. Favourite Expression—"What is it? Something to eat?" Ambition—Taking dictation from a handsome boss. Probable Destination—Dictating to a handsome boss.

ERNEST COOCH

Ernie is the quiet type except when he is around a certain girl from Milton. Ambition—to be a draftsman. Probable Destination—Making bricks in Cooksville (says a certain teacher).

JOAN GOODFELLOW

A Good Fellow by the name of Joan,
Is passing on to Normal (groan!)
We're sure her pupils will adore her.
And that her teaching will not bore her.

DONNA CRIEVESEN

Donna's our redhead, a basketball star,
In future endeavours she will go far,
To go to Western next year is her aim,
To get a degree beside her name.

JOYCE GUNN

Joyce is the gal with the quiet air,
You have to look to be sure she's there,
But she is the one with a heart of gold,
And we wish her good luck till she grows old.

KENT HAMILTON

Nickname—"Hambones." Favourite Expression—"Sir, would you repeat that?" Pastime—Asking Mr. Little stupid questions. Ambition—Drawing calendars for Esquire. Probable Destination—Engraving tombstones.

AUDREY HANNAFORD

Audrey is our pretty little miss,
Whose life with Don could be such a bliss;
Although to the future her mind is confused,
To wish her success we are all enthused.

JOHN HARWOOD

John is our lad with the ambition
To join the Navy and get a commission.
He keeps hearing that call, Ahoy! Ahoy!
For it's off to Royal Roads for this boy.

RAY HAWKINS

"I'll not return to Westdale",
Says Ray in bold defiance,
"Next year from Mac I'll hail
Where I'm going to study science".

SHEILA HEAD

This girl who loves Westdale the most
Plans travel to a distant coast,
For with itchy feet this absentee
Will be off next year for U.B.C.

DON HEAVEN

Nickname—"Mumbles". Past—Norma. Present—Someone in Burlington. Future—Settling down in Burlington? Ambition—Forestry. Probable Destination—Carving toothpicks for the Westdale cafeteria.

TED HEAVEN

A Heaven-ly gift to 13A
Is easily confused by jokes risqué.
To his hobby, taxidermy, he's wed
And next year you'll find him in Western pre-med.

PAT HOPKINSON

Pat has a musical ambition, she often does declare.
She sometimes sees him in Toronto, invades his lyric lair,
And there shé finds her inspiration to follow her musical avocation.

Will Mac break up the pair?

NORMAN HOWELL

Norm's a gay blade with the sweet young ladies,
Hillfield's loss is Westdale's gravy.
Ambition—Head sweeper at Dundas Arena, but WRIGHT now
we BETTY'L be writing subpoenas.

GLORIA HUTTON

"Clu" has moved into outstanding fame,
As a cheerleader she has acquired quite a name.
She's our Special rep on the Triune exec,
But to be Mrs. R— is really her aim.

ROSS IRELAND

Old Ironsides' "He-Haw's" can be heard all over the class,
when Jaggard makes him laugh. He's also getting in good
with Marilyn in the hall.
Hobby—Collecting Checks that bounce. Future—Getting de-ported.

RUSSEL JAGGARD

Nickname—"Jag". Favourite Expression—"You're asking for it, Jiggs." Pastime—Thinking about women—beating Davis at pool. Ambition—Tool designer. Probable Destination—Designing French bathing suits.





RAY JARVIS

Ray Jarvis had hopes of seeing McGill,
I wonder if he has these hopes still,
For to be an engineer was his hope,
Even though with his exams, he could not cope.

CLIFF JERVIS

Although Warren Austin is a man of fame,
To Cliff it is just a middle name.
For engineering he is off to Queen's,
But he'll have trouble passing Paddy Green's.

PETER JESSOP

In the movies he'll gain his fame,
Tyrone Jessop is his name.
To be a druggist is his aim,
Football, well—he plays the game.

LOCK JOHNSON

Unruly hair, slumped in a seat,
If he ever wakes up, it's only to eat,
Disdains exertion and exercise
But when Mimi sings, run? the boy almost flies!

MIMI JOHNSON

Mim's the girl who does all the singing,
Accompanied by a smile always so winning.
Premié at Mac will be her choice.
Blessed will be they with her lovely voice.

BARRY JOLLEY

Favourite Expression—"Hey, Hammy! Got a smoke?" Pastime—Taking long walks in the halls. Ambition—Another Da Vinci. Probable Destination—Jolley's Fish Market.

DAVID JOYCE

Speedy Joyce is this lad's name,
Track and Field is his game,
Teaching high school is his aim.
The pupils will suffer that sure is plain.

PAT KENNY

Now here's our Pat with the great big smile,
At Queen's next year she'll win by a mile.
Right now the library is her lair,
Each Thursday evening you'll find her there.

JOAN KIPFER

There's George and Peter in her life,
For who will she make a better wife?
But if someone doesn't agree,
She'll end up being a secretary.

LLOYD KIRKPATRICK

Nickname—"Kirk." Pastime—Doing his homework in class. Ambition—to score two hundred points for Tuxis against Westdale seniors. Probable Destination—Dishonest bartender at the Honest Lawyer.

IRENE KOZINA

A secretary, Irene hopes to be,
But of course, we'll have to wait and see,
Because someone else may change her mind
And a home she'll have to find.

ART KUHN

This boy from the Technical section came,
The Senior Matrik his only aim.
An architect he wants to be,
Next year we'll see him at Varsity.

DOUG LAING

Nickname—"Poets". Favourite Expression—"Hot cinders,
Every man up." Pastime—Commenting on the girls from Dundas. Ambition—Super dynamic motor mechanic. Probable Destination—Getting lost in somebody's Carburetor.

BARBARA LAMBIER

Oh, what a happy guy Jack will be
(Barb is going to study foods you see)
Although school is a bore, it won't be a chore,
When next year she attends O.A.C.

MARGERY LANGLEY

Our Marge it is told all around,
Has a beau who at Central she found,
Her aim a teacher is to be,
But we will have to wait and see.

MAUREEN LEAIST

Maureen is our lady of fun,
She has a joke for everyone,
To be a secretary is her aim.
We wish her luck and lots of fame.

DONNA LEAVITT

Whenever you see Donna
You'll see another face,
And even in St. Jo's you'll find
Barry's still her favourite case.

ROSE LENKO

Basketball and volleyball with Rose are a must
But for her studies she's also had lust,
To excel in the business world is her aim,
Where her ambitious character will win her fame.

CHRIS LEWIS

Nickname—"Louie". Past—Ancaster Legion. Present—Westdale Triune. Future—President of Janitor's Union. Ambition—Graduating from Westdale. Probable Destination—Sweeping floors at W.S.S.

JEAN LIPIEC

Friendly and gay is our Jean,
In sports and studies she has been keen,
Now after four years she's on her way
To earn a living in an office someday.

HARRY LOVERING

Harry's our lad with a Ford convert
Who has never been seen with another skirt—except Enid.
Harry's our boy with an eye for blondes
But one in particular has him in bonds—that's Enid.

JOE LUKASIEWICZ

Luke scatters sunshine wherever he goes,
He's one of commercial's favourite schmoes.
To whatever career we wish him the best,
He is, to us, a most likeable pest.

JUDY LYONS

Judy's the girl with the big blue eyes,
History's the subject for which she sighs,
I'd like to know what her fate will be,
Wonder if Lou can answer for me?

MAX McDONALD

Pastime—Making a pest of himself, twisting Dino's thumb
and getting on Mr. Sweetlove's nerves. Future—Our new
school janitor, or another job-hunter. Pet Peeves—Work,
math, essays, exams, teachers, schools, etc.

RON MacLEOD

Nickname—"Mac". Past—Playing the field. Present—Marion.
Future—Raising little Rons and Marions. Ambition—Salesman.
Probable Destination—Abso Pure Ice dealer in Alaska.

IAN MALCOLM

Does Ian know what he's going to do?
As to his future he hasn't a clue.
A football player with brains as well,
He'll probably end up in a padded cell.

STAN MANCHUK

An amateur shutter-bug, a really nice guy,
His interests in business or with engineers lie.
Always chasing to meetings; the Triune he steers,
We wish Stan good-luck all down through the years.

DONALD MANN

Don's the "Mann" with the little red car,
In it he travels both near and far.
Next year he's sure he'll go to McGill,
But time will find him in the house on the hill.

BILL MANSFIELD

A bashful lad is handsome Bill,
His pants show little draping,
For on a shovel he will lean
In a future of landscaping.

DONNA MARSHALL

When Donna's yelled her last loud cheer,
And rounded out this final year,
Then maybe time she'll find to be
A learned nurse of therapy.

BOB McClURE

School is folly to this handsome lad,
He seems to think it's a passing fad.
Still we all admire his ambitious traits
Of establishing a record of 25 lates.

JEAN McCCLUSKEY

Jeanie is our light-hair lass,
She's the sunshine of our class.
To be a housewife is her aim.
Do you suppose Donnie will change her name?

MARJORIE McDIARMID

Our dear McDuff to Mac she goes,
The academic life she chose.
A saxaphone she always blows,
And that is all we will disclose.

NANCY McDougall

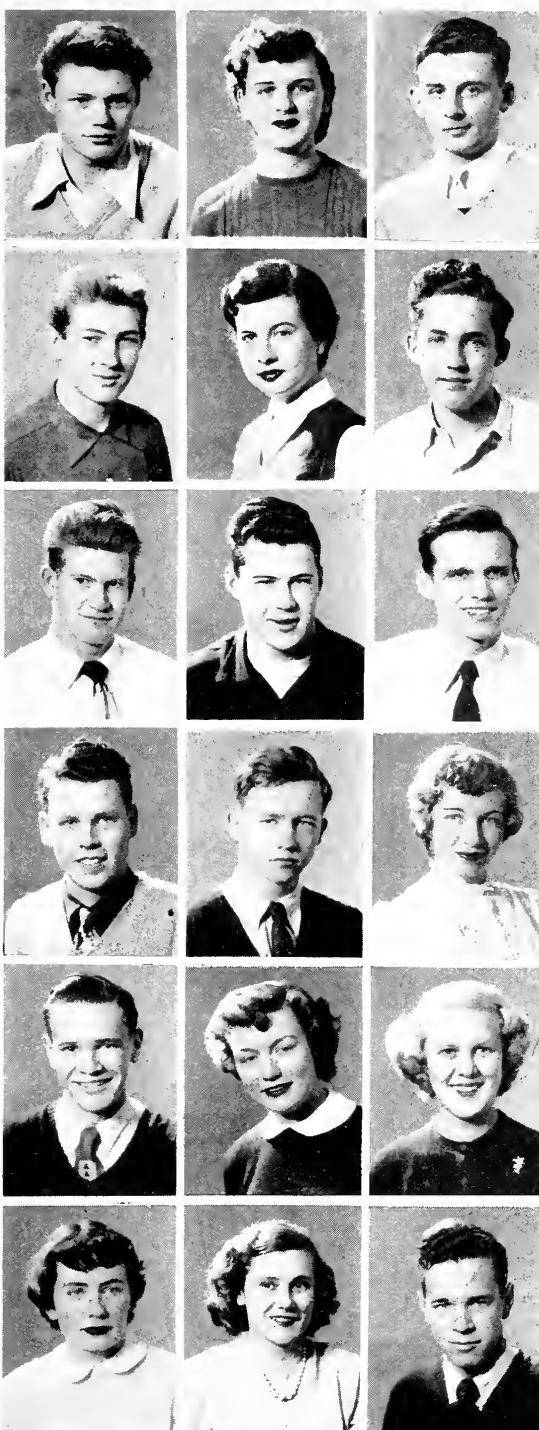
Nancy's our gal of great athletic capacity,
Always a-bubbling with vim and vivacity.
If moths don't prove her untimely end,
To Mac she's headed, to win new friends.

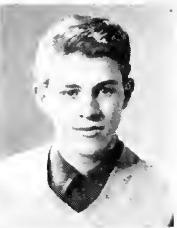
JEAN McLEAN

Jeanie is the lass with the delicate air,
Bright brown eyes, light brown hair,
Nursing is her aim in life,
She'll likely become "A Mountie's wife".

TED McNALLY

Ted in football was our star,
We're sure in life he will go far.
An executive he'd like to be,
So this year he's in Special C.



**BILL McNICOL**

Nickname—"Nick". Present—Looking for a "Dream Girl." Future—Hopes to play Sax. Ambition—Radio commentator, newscaster, disc jockey, in short—Radio. Probable Destination—Listening to the radio after a hard day's work.

BETTY LOU MILLS

Ambition—Housewife. Probable Destination—Cheaper by the dozen. Pet Saying—"Lynn bought it for me." Pet Aversion—Loitering in halls during change of classes. Pet Peeve—Missing Lynn in halls.

DINO MINATO

Pastime—Keeping O'Krook out of trouble, minding his own business and keeping his mouth shut. Nab him, girls, he is still single! He has no enemies except teachers in general and the homework they assign.

DAVE MITCHELL

He's not bad at football we've been told, But a pretty girl named Audrey has her hold, Basketball, track, and triune know him well, But as to his future none can tell.

DON MOFFATT

Noted Achievement—Reaching fourth form, Pet Peeve—Gossipy women. Favourite Saying—"Your lipstick's on too light." Ambition—To be a millionaire bachelor. Probable Destination—Bankrupt husband.

LEE MONACO

Lee has strong yearning to see foreign lands, To leave her foot-print in far distant sands. Now her life is before her, first college then Rome. Then she'll be an interpreter far from home.

CATHERINE MORGAN

To Toronto Cathie hopes to go, An X-ray technician is her goal. She studies hard her subjects nine And hopes to catch a man in time.

JOHN MOULE

Now our racer John Moule, is a fleet-footed soul, One of track's most invaluable pearls. But we hope against hope, that this big lanky dope, Doesn't train just to run after girls.

JOHN MURRAY

Past—Ruth. Present—Playing the field. Future—Unknown. Ambition—Lacking. Probable Destination—Ice man at the Thistle Club. Favourite Pastime—Curling (his hair, that is). Nickname—Puddy. Greatest Experience—A trip to Nelson, B.C., in school time.

BOB MURRELL

Ambition—to become a financier and own a Cadillac. Pastime—Persuading friends to invest in stocks. Probable Destination—Porchouse, lost all his own money playing the stock market.

BARBARA MUTCH

Barb is blonde and quite a dish To be a nurse is her only wish. Full of pep and lots of fun, She is a friend of everyone.

KEITH NICHOLLS

Nickname—"Nick." Favourite Saying—"Asa Mine Boy." Pastime—Commenting on a certain person's intelligence. Ambition—Royal Canadian Air Force Pilot. Probable Destination—Sweep-up man at Mt. Hope Hangars.

BILL O'KROOK

Willie's got plans for him and his Sue, but if they come true we'll leave that to you. Ambition—To be a governor. Future—Governor of Lower Slobovia.

LOUISE ONISCHUK

Louise is our cheer leader, and also class rep. She's very demure, but still full of pep, She's off to Normal, she hopes, next year, She'll bring to her class-room a lesson of cheer.

JOYCE PARRISH

She's the only girl in Organization, And in the gym she's a great sensation, In Gilbank's room she leads the class, We're all proud of this cheerful lass.

ALAN PATTERSON

This young fellow from far off Ancaster Should have handed in his grad. write-up faster; In class, we have heard, that he's not a dumb cluck, So wherever he's going, we wish him good luck!

BARBARA PATTERSON

If you have plenty of trouble and woe, You should to our Barbie go. Her happy smile and winning ways, Should have men following her all her days.

PHILIP PERELGUT

Although Phil only goes half a day to school, What he does here, proves he's nobody's fool. A six year man, a real sharpie in the class, Let's hope this year turns out to be his last.

JOHN PITKEATHLY

•Johnny is our handsome lad,
Who is at heart, not really bad,
Although his future is not certain,
He'll more than likely end up flirting.

PAT POOLE

Pat is a girl that bubbles with cheer,
Her wish is to go to Central next year.
Although in grammar she does excel,
Wherever she goes we know she'll do well.

SHIRLEY PORTER

Shirley is our little lass,
Who takes abuse from most the class.
We wish her luck in years to come,
And hope her life is full of fun.

JOHN RADCLIFFE

He is better known as a certain teacher's beloved boy, spends his time consuming all the R.C.A.F.'s surplus liquor at the H.Q. Mess. He'll probably end up as a broom-and-shovel man at Trenton Airport.

GLORIA RAYNSFORD

Hair of red, eyes of blue
There's lots of things Gloria can do.
While in the Gym she sure is tops,
She's off to St. Joseph's, their gain our loss.

PETER RICHARDSON

He wants to be a lawyer
And make a pile of cash,
But in his future all I see
Is Peter cutting grass.

PATRICIA RODGER

A gal in our class who really rates,
She's quite a catch, so David states,
Her voice has brought her fame galore,
The future, we hope, holds much in store.

JACK ROGERS

Nickname—"Old Hickory." Past—Veronica. Present—Lois. Future—Growing potatoes at Ancaster. Ambition—Draftsman at Hamilton Bridge Co. Probable Destination—Back to the tobacco farm.

RON ROLLS

Ron's our boy; full of fun, fancy free (beinahe).
Off to Europe this summer he'll go on a spree,
Next year at Mac he'll be on the ball,
And then study law at Osgoode Hall.

BERNICE ROSINSHIAN

Five foot-four and o so funny,
That's our little honey "Bunny".
To be a private secretary is her ambition—
Let's hope she gets what she's awishin'.

FRANK ROUSE

Curly-haired Frank is a fine rifle shot,
A perfect one hundred is what he last got.
They tell us his school work is better than fair,
So wherever he's going, he's sure to get there.

DON SCRUTON

Now here's a smart boy with a good tenor voice.
He goes by the name of Scruton.
He smokes a vile pipe, but in spite of this vice,
He's a swell guy to know, you're durn tootin'.

ALBERT SEARS

Al loves to talk about everything new, but on exams he forgets all, he knew. Ambition—To paint the town red. Future—Going colour blind.

NANCY SENN

Nancy with the laughing face,
Is leading Roy a merry chase.
She'll wow her patients, we have no fear,
For she's off to be a nurse next year.

ELLIOTT SHEPPARD

Shep's past stems from somewhere in the shady depths of the school's east end back to which he's headed again as a Teacher. We think he'd make a swell one. Best of luck, Shep!

RON SHOOTS

Past—Westdale. Present—Contemplating. Future—Selling Ladies Ready to Wear. Probable Destination—Jail, caught skimping on material in ladies dresses. Good luck, Ron, remember us when your ship comes in.

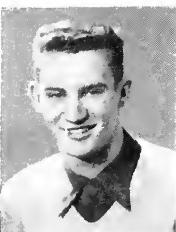
ELINOR SHORE

This light haired gal is lots of fun.
She laughs and jokes with everyone
Five days a week in Westdale's halls,
Weekends reserved for Mac. Basketball.

JAMES SIMPSON

Meet Jimmy Simpson, a barrel of fun,
Whose goal is to grow to five foot one.
Law's his vocation, we'd like you to read,
But his secret ambition's to golf like Sam Snead.





STAN SIMSON

Stan is our pride in 13-A
Continually joking throughout the day
If he's not a doctor ten years from now,
You will find him in Ancaster pushing a plough.

TED SMART

On Monday morning Ted is always looking for somebody
with their homework done. Pastime—Walking to and from
school with a certain blonde. Ambition—To get more than
5 points for Dawn Patrol. Future—Getting more than 5 points.

JOHN SMITH

Now here's a young lad with a curious name,
Who's made engineering at Kingston his aim.
Not easily confused and fairly bright,
He won't engineer a jail-break some dark night.

KEN SNELL

No one knows the ambitions of Snell,
But whatever he does we hope he'll do well.

AL SOUTER

Nickname—"Broda." Pastime—Dating lovely "Jones" and playing
for Westdale Seniors. Ambition—None. Probable Destination—
Elevator boy at Souter's. See you next year, Al !!!

DON SPRIGGS

Nickname—"Giggs." Favourite Expression—"Gooooo." Pastime—
Playing poker in drafting. Ambition—A lie subscription to Esquire. Probable Destination—Sweater fitter at Zimmerman's
knit' or living in Mr. Lillie's safety box deposit.

BARBARA STEVENTON

Barbara is our jovial lass,
In talking she leads our class.
A lawyer's secretary she wishes to be,
She'll succeed, just wait and see.

LOIS STEWART

'Bout five foot two, and eyes of blue.
She's the one who'll look after you,
For her foremost aims are just to grow
And enter training at St. Joe's.

MIKE SYDOR

Favourite Expression—"Got your homework done?" Pastime—
Junior basketball and football. Ambition—President of the Steel Co. Probable Destination—Selling papers at the Stelco gate.

PAUL SYME

This young fellow's a ball of fire,
Who's made entomology his desire,
He'll get all befuddled and make a real mess,
If he can't keep his mind off that girl—E.S.

ANDY TARACHUK

Favourite Expression—"Huh". Pastime—Day dreaming in radio. Ambition—Head of the Ryerson Institute. Probable Destination—Having his own bus line between Galt and Hamilton.

NANCY TAYLOR

Of Nancy a yarn I shall spin
Of her wit and smile that will friends win,
At Mac next year where she is bound,
She'll be very popular with all around.

BETTY TRAYES

Betty must go to Toronto next year,
If music is to be her career,
She's a cheerful and a smiling lass.
Who has an interest in old Dundas.

HERMAN TURKSTRÅ

Ambition—To make a million. Greatest Achievement—Completing assigned homework September 7. Probable Destination—Printing money for the mint.

ALEX USIK

Nickname—"Useless". Favourite Expression—"Just look at these muscles." Pastime—Acting like supermouse (there is a resemblance). Ambition—World champion wrestler (dreamer). Destiny—Valet to the masked marvel, if he's lucky.

ANNE USIK

To teach the tots was Anne's ambition
Till her mind was converted to a Lab Technician.
Now her problem is to choose,
And likely to a man she'll lose.

GEORGE USIK

Future—Forty years of shift-work pulling switches in some Hydro sub-station up near the North Pole. He will be a hermit, no doubt. (Goodluck to you, George).

CLARA WALKER

Here's our Bunny of 13-D
As chirpy and cheerful as she can be,
From Mac she's able to catch a man,
But it's nursing at General we understand.

BEVERLY WANDS

This athletic lass with a minimum of fuss
Simply quit school without telling us.

JOYCE WARREN

To Mac Hall she's bound to go,
Even there life won't be slow.
In a year she'll graduate,
Three to one she'll meet her fate.

FRANK WATANABE

When things look bad and everyone's dry
He'll make his bundle with nary a try.
A chemical engineer is Mit's ambition
With his homebrew formula during prohibition.

JOAN WATERLAND

This bright-eyed lass is not so lazy,
Though her future's kind of hazy,
Burning fires and future tell
Whate'er she does, she'll do it well.

PAT WATTERS

Pat Watters is an athletic star,
In basketball and volleyball she's above par,
She's cute and clever but doesn't go steady
To go horse-back riding she's always ready.

GEORGE WATTS

Nickname—Stretch. Pastime—Going out for track once every two months. Pet Aversion—Working. Most Notable Achievement—two first in French, 31st and 41st. Ambition—Geologist. Probable Destination—Chipping bricks at Pilkey-Noble.

AUDREY WHITFIELD

Boys, here's a girl whose really got style,
To win a date you must wait quite a while.
A basketball star with plenty of pep,
A nurse she will be who's really in step.

RICHARD WILSON

Nickname—"Rich." Past—Barb. Present—Ann. Future ???
Ambition—Inherit Joe Wilson's Clothes Shop. Probable Destination—Sewing buttons on suits at Tip Top Tailors.

TRUDY WILSON

A cheerful and determined lass ever since she first entered these historical portals. Her favorite expression is "I'll punch you right in the nose." Ambition—Nursing; could be she'll end up scrubbing floors at the San.

ANNE WRIGHT

A brilliant miss with heavenly bliss
Her goal as a nurse she's not likely to miss.
She'll get Doc Bell that's easy to tell,
As the portals of Westdale leave she shall.

BETTY WRIGHT

We've all seen Betty in our halls,
But now because her nursing calls,
In Montreal she'll soon reside,
To always be at a doctor's side.

MARGARET WRIGHT

Little Margaret is a quiet lass
Who tries to do her best in class.
To be a secretary, an ambition which is bright;
Surely to her it will prove all RIGHT.

MARION WRIGHT

Marion's the girl with the great big eyes,
Arrived from Central just a year ago,
Max, her past and present ties,
Is considered to be quite the lucky beau.

MARY YAMAGUCHI

Always pleasant, laughing and gay,
With Mary around there's never a dull day.
A wonderful nurse she will be,
Who is the lucky lad to be?

GERRY YAMASHITA

Gerry's a girl whose friendly smile
Makes you feel knowing her would be worth while,
A kindergarten teacher she'd like to be,
How lucky will the tiny tots be?

JANET YOUNG

A pert little miss is our Janet A. Young
In sports and in games her praises are sung.
A private steno she'll probably be,
And I'll bet we find her on John H.'s knee.

BELLA ZUCKER

Bella our scholar of great renown,
Is courted by Henry from Niagara town,
In school her marks are mostly "A's".
About her future she's still in a daze.

ZYMPLE ZYMON

Zymp is a lad who didn't quite make it
As any fool can plainly perceive.
He didn't work, or do his bit,
And now this world he must leave.



BOARD OF CONTROL— 1981?



Will their names be in the news to-morrow?

School is almost over for some of this year's students. Soon they will take their places with the men who buck rivets and build bridges, the planners and the producers, the electors and the elected.

These are the men who keep a city strong. Theirs are the names which help make the headlines.

The Hamilton Spectator and its radio station, CJSF-FM, offer the finest local news coverage available. Daily in the Spectator, hourly on the air, watch and listen for names you know in the news.

One of them may be yours.

CJSF-FM



LITERARY

A total of thirty-five dollars was awarded for the best essays, stories, and poems published in this year's *Le Raconteur*. The winners were, for the essays: 1st prize, Lois Martin; 2nd, Eva Lustig; 3rd, Dick Marshall; for the stories: 1st, Louise Onischuk; 2nd, Hank Skoczylas; 3rd, Harry Barr. The poetry was all of the same calibre so no differentiations were made. The winners were: Francis Maine, Rodger Jones, Helen Howard, Geraldine

Holubishin, and Jack Barr. A Special Prize was designated for the winner of the Mystery Contest, and it was captured by Muriel Blackborrow for her entry, "Eighty-five to Five". Avrum Pollock was given honourable mention for his essay, "Detentions", and Pete Moore for his essay on "A First Shave".

Thanks for writing,

W. L.T., Literary Editor.



QUEBEC WILL REMEMBER

LOIS MARTIN.

What could be more alluring to a person than an invitation to escape from this atomic and frustrated age and travel back two centuries to visit the quiet, sparsely-settled village of Quebec, the new settlement? Our hostess is young—green we would call her nowadays. She has just newly taken over this job of mothering a colony, and the threat of war, in 1759, looms like an ever-lengthening shadow on the horizon. But as we gaze at the massive walls surrounding the settlement, security soon supplants fear. There is safety in those strong walls—or so it is thought.

How different was the battle of the Plains of Abraham from those we hear of in the twentieth century. There was no time for tears—not even time for much thought, for due to the cunning Wolfe and his English army, the fortress city was taken completely by surprise. How different would have been the result if Montcalm, in his small headquarters had learned sooner of the plan. Then Wolfe would have met a wise and gentlemanly Marquis de Montcalm—two great forces,

equally balanced, meeting to determine which was the better. For what reason did two men die—one in the hour of victory, the other in defeat? God wanted to teach us something, but, being slow to learn, some of us haven't yet grasped it. We still fight, in our own time, for glory and territory. We haven't learned our lesson.

Today Quebec stands ready to welcome visitors and relatives. Our older and wiser hostess greets us graciously and proudly. Quaint Quebec—how typical! Historic Quebec—definitely. But most of all, Quebec the prudent. Her aging walls constantly remind her that security is not gained by overconfidence. They whisper and echo the sorrows of that bloody battle. She was afraid. But little by little she has crept out of her shell and has spread beyond the walls. Fearfully she has settled down along the great St. Lawrence at the foot of Cape Diamond, the hill that Wolfe scaled to his victory. Upper Town has the Plains of Abraham, and Lower Town has the Cape—they'll never forget.

GREAT FAMILY EXPECTATIONS

LOUISE ONISCHUK

From the minute my mother saw me she knew I was a genius; but she was confronted with the task of proving it to the world. I remember her frequently saying to her lady visitors—"One day my little girl will lead the women to the summits of equality with men". Yes, I was her joy and pride.

As an infant, I slowly drove the neighbours insane with my nightly howling and screeching, or as mother called it, "the exercising of my vocal chords." When I reached the comparatively advanced age of four, every week father would take me down to the Conservatory for my music lesson. My teacher, an elderly spinster, often accused me of not practising my lesson sufficiently—an accusation which of course wasn't true as I was a genius and didn't need as much practice as an average child. She also threatened me that if I didn't practise enough a frog would grow in my throat and nip my singing career in the bud. However, to the great distress of both the teacher and myself I continued my lessons for three years of torture. During this time, I staged a few performances in front of small audiences. Mother was so proud of me. She knew I would be a great opera singer some day, but first, I must distinguish myself in minor roles. Following this policy, mother persuaded the teacher to allow me to sing a solo at the annual recital for which I practised hours on end. I left for the concert hall full of confidence. I heard my number being announced. Gracefully I stepped out on the stage and all was silent. Everyone was waiting. I was stricken with fear. I began to sing but the melody would not flow. I made another stammering effort at the beginning lines, but alas, my vocal chords would not obey. Terrified, I screamed, "Mother, the frog has grown in my throat," and blindly ran off the stage. I received much sympathy and many words of encouragement, but all was in vain. My music career had ended.

Poor mother, although she was humiliated at the recital, she was not discouraged. She decided music was not my field at all—of course not! I should be an actress and maybe some day even produce great plays of my own. The following month, mother enrolled me as a member of the Local Junior Drama Club. I attended classes regularly and tried very hard, spending hours of precious time practising. Nevertheless, my teacher had no hope for me. She insisted I was much too clumsy for an actress. In spite of this warning,

mother remained stubborn; and as a result, I kept on studying drama for two years. I no longer possessed my fear of the stage and as a consequence, my teacher offered me a minor role in a very important play which was being produced. As part of my contribution to the play, I was to pick up gracefully a handkerchief which the heroine had dropped. Opening night! The instructress warned me that I must be careful and perform perfectly. I assured her that she could rely on me. I was standing at the back of the stage, when suddenly—FLOP! Having tripped over my own feet, I fell flat on my face. I didn't dare get up. Finally in the midst of all the confusion I had caused, they carried me off the stage. With such elegance did my drama career terminate.

Mother was disgusted with me, but I was proud of myself. At last I could live a normal life. For three years I enjoyed freedom. But as I anticipated, it couldn't last forever. One day mother came home very enthused, having enrolled me in the swimming class. A thousand dollar award was being offered to anyone under sixteen who could swim the English Channel. Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could win this money? Back to the old grind of taking lessons. One year after being taught swimming, I was racing across the pool when I sank. Down! Down! Down I went! The instructress dived in and brought me to the surface unconscious. On regaining consciousness, I realized I did not have the strength to be a long-distance swimmer. Another disappointment for mother.

The following fall, I entered high school. My first four years passed in an ordinary fashion. I was average in most of my subjects and found no difficulty in being recommended. However, in the fifth year, things changed—but fast! To mother's astonishment and pride, I was chosen to be cheer leader. Thanks to this accomplishment, I netted myself a very handsome beau—quite an achievement at our school. Also, my marks improved to quite an extent and to the great amazement of young and old, I graduated "SUMMA CUM LAUDE". I had at least fulfilled PART of my family expectations.

Two years after graduating from high school, I married "my very handsome beau". At present we have a beautiful home and two children, a boy and a girl. And guess what—the girl, who is four years old, is taking vocal lessons from my old singing teacher. GREAT FAMILY EXPECTATIONS !!



HIGH COST OF DATING

DICK MARSHALL.

Speaking of dating, let's not speak of it; it costs too much.

Oh, for the days when men were men and a dollar was a dollar; when you could take a girl out to all the spots in town in your old Model A and it would only set you back about two dollars! It is getting to be that you have to save all your shekels for a couple of weeks just so you can go to a show and have a soda afterwards! Of course, the show that she wants to see is on the other side of town, so you have to dig down and put some gas in the car at forty-two cents a gallon. Then, it seems that all the parking spots are filled and so it costs you two-bits to park in a parking lot! You try to smuggle her in to the show as a child but

the ticket girl disagrees so you have to buy two sixty-five cent tickets.

After the show, she is always hungry and wants to go for a ride in your gas-burning coupe. So, off you go to her favourite eating spot and deplete your wallet while she fills herself with sandwiches and sodas. By this time, it is twelve o'clock, and she was supposed to be in early. Her dear daddy is usually waiting up to give you the works for, "deliberately keeping his little girl out so late!" But you finally escape and go home with a light heart and a light wallet.

They say that it's "all for the love of a woman," but I wonder if it's worth it.



DETENTIONS

AVRUM POLLOCK.

A detention is just a word until you have one. In order to inform any uninitiated students of its meaning, a definition is offered. That infallible source of information, the dictionary, (Funk and Wagnall Standard Unabridged Edition), defines a detention as "an act of keeping back or withholding; confinement or restraint; delay". This essay is going to deal with the second meaning and the way in which it applies to students. A detention may mean anything from "a few minutes after four" to "two months in the office and don't you let me catch you doing that again". A detention means what it implies—confinement, outright confinement, and after two weeks it seems to be imprisonment.

If one happens to get caught throwing an ink-ball in class, one gets a detention. If one happens to get caught putting thumbtacks on the teacher's chair, one gets a detention. If one happens to forget to do homework, "due to the unfortunate

death of a grandmother," one gets a detention. In these days of scarcities and high prices, a detention is about the easiest thing to get, and is, in fact, almost unavoidable.

Evading a detention is an altogether different matter from receiving it. There are the time-tested excuses that every teacher hears constantly; such as "I have to catch the bus" or "I have an appointment with the dentist". Most teachers' hearts can not be penetrated by these excuses because of their lack of originality. With such teachers an excuse which is original, such as, "I have to visit my father who is in jail" is preferred. If even this does not work, the teacher must be Mr. Devitt, and if that is the case, there is no hope.

The moral of this essay is "Avoid detentions and then you will not be inconvenienced by the uncertainty and risk involved in getting out of them".

WHO?

HANK SKOCZYLAS.

The pale moon that was lost in the clouds of that fateful night occasionally broke through to illuminate the touring bus at rest in the city. A woman stepped aboard it, glanced through the bus, and looked at the driver. She handed him her ticket and remarked, "I'm afraid that your company's idea of a moonlight sightseeing tour isn't very popular. Your only other passengers are those two young couples in the back".

"That's right, lady," answered the driver. He then spoke to the other passengers. "As long as there's only six of us, we may as well get acquainted. My name's Bones; you can call me Bill. I was chosen to conduct this tour through Sleepy Hollow because I am a descendant of Brom Bones. You've all heard of him; he's the hero of Washington Irving's tale, 'The Headless Horseman'. Well, let's shove off".

The bus left the city and in half an hour turned off from the bright highway down a dark, narrow country lane. The driver continued to recite his descriptions, "In a few minutes we will be passing through Tarrytown. This is Sleepy Hollow. I'll stop the bus here. You remember that here, Brom Bones, my great-great-grandfather, outwitted the

schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane. No one has heard of or seen Ichabod since that day. You can all get out for a look and a breath of air. Hurry back; the bus leaves in fifteen minutes".

After the sightseers had gone, the driver leaned back and relaxed. He glanced up at his rear-view mirror and noticed that someone was sitting behind him. The stranger's face was pale and thin; a hooked nose stuck out sharply; his eyes were cold and glassy, and the flesh hung limply around them. He placed his bony, colourless hand upon the driver's shoulder, and through his green-tinged lips issued a gurgle that said, "I have been waiting for you, Mister Bones. It has been a long time—"

The black night seemed to become blacker, as if the moon had blown a fuse; the stillness of the dark countryside seemed to increase incredibly. The sightseers, who by this time were beginning to return to the bus, were rudely startled by a horrible scream. They ran to the bus; there they found the driver dead, his face frozen in an expression of ghastly fear. They said that he died of fright.

Who could the stranger have been? WHO?

As quickly as the falcon snatches its prey
From out the air, on wings so light,
So does the gathering dusk leave day—
A forgotten yesterday with morrow bright.
And as the night on silent wings doth glide,
Bringing morn where no shadows hide
To darken thoughts and dim our views,
Or mar our little happiness, few
Dark thoughts flash across the mind
Of this sunny day, of temperature kind,
For though we walk with thoughtless aim,
We inwardly thank God for the gifts that came:
Matchless beauty of high-riding clouds
Encompassing the sun like large death shrouds.
Through the morn and afternoon,
These exotic clouds on the earth have cast
Darkened glances of an endless tune;
And as the sun once more sinks, another day we've
safely passed.

ROGER JONES.

SPLIT-SECOND TIMING

H. BARR.

I arrived at the locker-room at eight-fifteen. The coach came in and read the line-up. I was in the first string at full-back position.

As we went onto the field, I noticed that it was dry and fast, and that we'd have a chance to rely on our aerial attacks.

We won the toss and elected to receive. Our opponents from Montreal took advantage of the wind by picking the north end of the field.

The kick was high, and Mike Lenko, our quarter, took it on the run. He ran it for eighteen yards, before being brought down on the forty. Ross took it for five on the first down, by finding a hole in the centre. I got clear on the double extension to pick up twelve yards, before their safety man nailed me.

On our first down, Lenko called for a pass to Hobbs. As the snap came back, I saw a Montreal man break through, and I went down with him, in a desperate attempt to help Lenko. The pass was wobbly, and fell short, and Hobbs tried desperately to reach it. He missed and Robinson of Montreal snagged it and ran it back to our thirty-eight. A run around the right end caught us flat-footed, and put Montreal in a scoring position. The next two minutes were a nightmare as Montreal poured it on, and pushed the ball to our twelve yard line with two brilliant line smashes.

We held on desperately then, and Montreal finally contented themselves with a one-point rouge.

Again in possession of the ball, we tried the old passing play. This time it was to me. I broke free in time to see the ball come rocketing over the line straight into my arms. It landed solidly and felt good as I tucked it under my arms. The white stripes sped by under my feet, as I tore up the field. I could see their safety man bearing down on me from the right. He crashed headlong into my outstretched hand, and I could feel the terrific impact rattle my teeth. Several seconds later, I went over the line standing up. My kick was good

and I left the field feeling pretty elated. At the end of the first half the score read Montreal 1—Hamilton 6.

During the third quarter our second string held the Montreal boys to three points, while the battle rocked back and forth at midfield. Finally Ravineau from Montreal kicked a beautiful forty-two yard field goal, just as the gun went to end the third quarter.

We went back on the field, determined to undermine the Montreal defences and sever their one-point lead. The first play went sour as Carl Marche fumbled on a bad lateral by "yours truly". He finally recovered it, but we now had seventeen yards to make up. An end run by Lenko took us up about six yards.

On the third, I booted, and felt it hit my foot solidly. It sailed far and high, and I saw our end, Fred Taylor, get his man a split second after the ball settled into his arms.

Montreal now fought desperately, and confined their attacks to the ground. Finally, however, they fumbled, and we started to roll. Taylor took a short pass on our twenty-five and ran it for eleven yards. An end run by Lenko again, gave us a first down. On our third down Lenko rifled a short lateral pass to me and we were away. As the ball smacked into my hands, I saw Dawson, our centre, open up a big hole for Hobbs. He shot through, and I really leaned into that pass. It whistled over the line and into Hobbs' arms as he tore up the field, with Taylor flanking him. As Hobbs neared the Montreal line, two tacklers caught him. He drove into them, with a force that must have shaken the stands. At the last split second he lateralled to Taylor. Taylor took the pass at full speed, and without even changing his pace, bowled over the safety man, and crossed the line. The point was easy after that, and the final score sounded something like this: Hamilton 12—Montreal 7.

You may be sure that we celebrated that night.

5th Former: What would you advise me to read after graduating.

English teacher: The Help Wanted Column.



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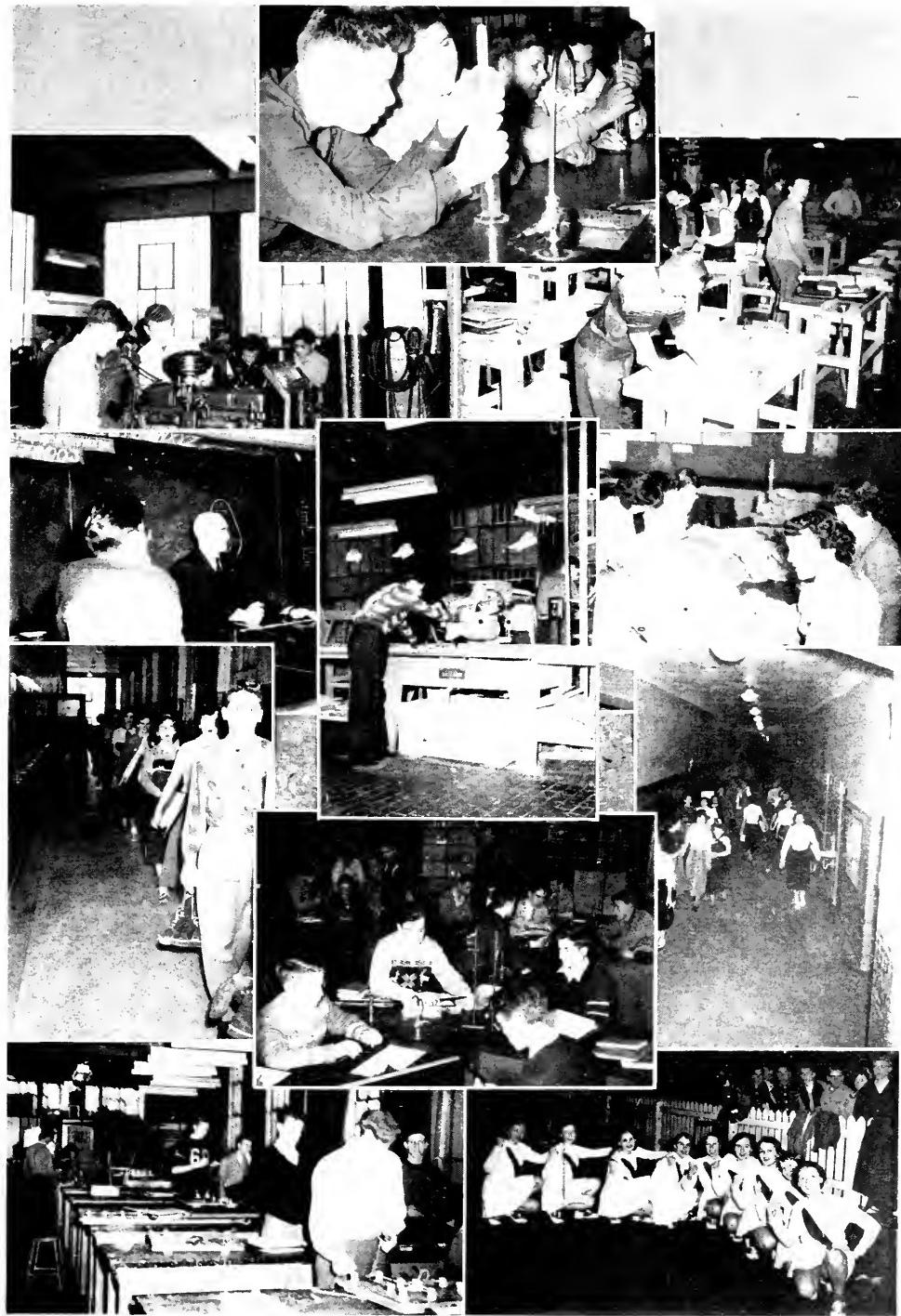
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SCHOOL DAZE

JACK BARR.

'Twas the night before Easter, the exams I mean,
And all through the house was one heck of a scene.
Yours truly was wrapped up in some dry old book,
With visions of passing by hook or by crook.

Ma and Pa had long gone to bed,
And fallen to sleep, they had nothing to dread,
Except here and there, a bill, maybe two.
But compared to mine their troubles were few.

I just had to study, had to, I say,
For I had just started that very same day.
Yes, I will admit I had stayed home from school,
But with so many absent, would they miss one
more fool?

I worked on and on far into the night,
And sweated it through till the dawn brought the
light.
What good did it do me? Ask me that when
You see me next year, back in "Grade Ten!"



A FIRST SHAVE

PETE MOORE

Can you remember your first shave? Mine is altogether too clear; I still bear the scars!

It all began one Christmas day at dinner. Everyone had a small gift in front of his place at the table, but it seems that in the last minute shuffle, my gift had been mislaid. My enterprising mother, however, after hunting through the medicine chest, came down and placed a long tube of shaving cream in front of me. The idea of my having to shave seemed to be a source of great amusement, and while I sat there, greatly perplexed, the others roared with delight.

Well, after dinner, I lost no time in burying it in the farthest corner of my dresser drawer, and tried to forget the stuff which had caused me so much embarrassment. However, some weeks later, I was dressing for a very sophisticated dance, when I decided the time had arrived at last, when my blonde fuzz should come off! Stealthily, I crept to the bathroom, superlather in one hand, towel in the other, and, closing the door in a furtive manner, I locked it against prying eyes.

I took my father's best safety razor from the medicine chest, and, opening the tube of shaving cream, I covered my hand with a generous blob. In a few minutes, I had completely enveloped the lower half of my face with the slimy lather, and was ready

to operate. Clenching the razor in my hand, I stabbed it into my cheek, and very determinedly, pulled it down to my chin. Undaunted by the fact that a stream of blood followed my first stroke of handiwork, I began on the second cheek with enthusiastic gusto. However, this time the gash was deeper, and, frightened by the thought of bleeding to death, I ran from the bathroom shouting for help at the top of my lungs. This brought my mother, father, and sister from all corners of the house, but much to my disgust, instead of making a fuss over my plight, they burst out laughing and left me to dress my own wounds.

Hearing the bitter lamentations that followed, my father finally took pity on me, and chuckling heartily, came in and finished the gory task with a practised hand. He then bandaged up the cuts, deaf to my protests that they would look ridiculous at the dance, and sent me off to finish dressing.

Well, the first shave was the worst, but the second time was not much better, nor the third. I had once thought I would be very grown up when the time came for me to shave. However, now that the time has arrived, I no longer regard it as a man's exclusive privilege—instead, I consider it a nuisance. Shaving every two weeks, how aggravating!

IN DEFENCE OF BAD MANNERS

EVA LUSTIG.

Possibly you do not know the good qualities of bad manners. Well, it's about time you did! Bad manners are relative; they make us comfortable, honest, and develop our personalities.

Bad manners are not always and everywhere considered bad. What is correct at one place and at one time is terrible at another place and at another time. Luckily there always seems to be someone who tells us exactly what "simply isn't being done". In Canada, what would we do without Emily Post? In Europe, the people would have been lost without a certain Mr. Knigge who wrote a book on proper behaviour. I have never met the person who decides what is proper in China, but she and Emily Post are definitely not of the same opinion. Nothing could be more insulting to a Chinese hostess than to have her guests depart without showing their appreciation for the meal by a good burp. Try burping at your next dinner invitation. Will you be invited back? I wonder. Speaking of guests, would Henry VIII be a welcome guest at Buckingham Palace today if he were to stick to his table manners of gnawing away at a bone in his hands and heaving it over his shoulder when he is through with it? Are bad manners bad, or just different?

Having proved that manners are not always and everywhere bad, I can assure you that even where and when they are considered bad, they have their good points too. Have you just returned from shopping? Was it hot in the stores? Were your shoes just a trifle too tight? Are your feet killing you? Wouldn't you just love to take your shoes off and put your feet on the table? Well, you can't. "It simply isn't done". How men suffer on hot summer days because of good manners! If they in-

dulged in bad manners, they could take off their jackets, roll up their shirt sleeves, leave their neck ties at home, open their collars and enjoy life even during office hours. Again this "simply isn't done". Wouldn't you rather have bad manners and be comfortable?

Now that you are sitting comfortably with your feet on the table, I shall tell you of still another good quality of bad manners—honesty. If your guest has been talking about "political instability in Iran", and you think it's about time he stopped, rather than listen attentively, be honest. Show him how bored you really are by yawning. Seeing that you don't appreciate his talk, he'll either change the subject or go home; which is, of course, what you wanted him to do in the first place. "Honesty is the best policy".

Practising honesty will contribute a great deal to the development of your personality. If somebody expresses "his" opinion don't just nod your head and answer politely, "Is that so?" Why not tell him that he's talking nonsense and give him a piece of your mind. If he doesn't like it, punch him in the nose. Don't consider anyone else's feelings and watch your personality grow stronger and stronger. Don't do what others expect you to do. Just be your own sweet self without any inhibitions whatsoever. There is, of course, a slight chance that people may not like you, but your strong personality should be able to take care of that.

Needless to say, dear reader, you have been convinced that bad manners should be defended and furthermore you are going to take it upon yourself to defend them. Are you not?

CULLINGS FROM OUR CORRIDORS

H. TURKSTRA.

Chapter One.—The Mechanical Equivalent of Westdale.

Few people know that "good 'ole" W.S.S. cost our parents \$1,750,000.00; that the gyms and showers alone cost \$147,517.01; that we have 5,540 ft. of cubby-holes, in which we place books and clothes; that we have 1,426 lights; only 12 janitors; but 17,158 panes of glass to break; and approximately 25 "syncronized" electric clocks. We can seat 1,200 in our auditorium, 600 in our cafeteria. We are the biggest composite school in the British Commonwealth of Nations. During the day-time, some 1,750 souls sojourn in these sacred halls, and approximately 900 at night.

Chapter Two—Some "dirt" we dug.

Did you know:

—Mr. Ettinger once worked on the Toronto (if you pardon the expression) Daily Star

—Mr. Bell once played as middle wing for Balmy Beach;

—Mr. Ballantyne was a flying ace in the First World War;

—That most of our teachers (at least 45%) went to public school;

—That Mr. Roberts studied music;

—That Mr. McAndrew once TRIED to chaperone 20 "femmes" down in Vermont;

—That all this happened a long, long, long, long, long, time ago;

—That the author of this EXPOSE was last seen in a new suit of feathers, heading out the front door?

HAMILTON'S DILEMMA

FRANCIS MAINE.

Hamilton city in Ontario,
Near famous Toronto City;
The Lake Ontario, deep and wide,
Washes the docks on the northern side,
A pleasanter spot you never spied
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost two hundred days ago,
To see the city folk suffer so
From garbage was a pity.

Garbage!
It filled the alleys, crammed the ditches
With old tin cans, and broken dishes,
Stunk out the houses, and brought the rats,
Poisoned the dogs, and fed the cats.
Lined the streets from corner to corner,
And was even the topic of women's chats,
The stinking and smelling throughout the city,
Caused a riot and a great—calamity.

"How did this happen?" you may ask,
In September, the year of 1950,
Before the garbage overran the city;
When the people of Hamilton were so prosperous
and thrifty.
Well, it started when the garbage collectors,
Who of course, wanted a raise,
Sent the union to the Mayor's sectors,
Which he turned out with a vase
Behind them. They returned to the men,
With a fixed gaze (they were still in a daze)
And sadly told that he'd vetoed the raise.

At last the people in a body,
To the town hall came flocking;
" 'Tis clear," they cried, "our Mayor's a doddy",
And as for our Council too—shocking!
To think we pay taxes for dolts
Who can't, won't and don't determine,
To grant the raise and rid us of our vermin,
You hope because you're old and gray,
You can take your position for granted all the way.
"Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking,
Or, sure as fate we'll send you packing!"
At this the mayor and corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

And all day sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence;
"For a dollar my position I'd sell,
I wish I was a Mile's distance."
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the door, but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "What's that?"
And in did come the union men,
With a proposition to rid the people
Of the garbage from the street to steeple.

At last the Mayor went to Arbitration
To find out about the Sanitation,
The board agreed it should be granted.
The men heard them and the strike was stunted.
Out went the workers to clear the wreckage,
Of all the garbage and the rest of the heckage.
"Rejoice! Rejoice! The strike is ended,
Empty the alleys and clear the street",
Cried the happy Hamiltonians in receipt.

Unlike the Mayor of Hamelin,
Our Mayor then kept his word.
And happy cries of ecstasy
From all the folks were heard.
So if you want their confidence
And the people to elect you
Just keep your promise faithfully
Let NO circumstance affect you.



EIGHTY-FIVE TO FIVE

MURIEL BLACKBROW.

There it was, my dad's Ford, the keys in the ignition and the gas tank full. My brother Jim looked at me with raised eyebrows, and strode inside the house. I found him reading his racing magazine. He showed me an article written by Charlie Barry, the "Bad Boy" of American stock-car racing.

"How I'd like to be him for a day," he muttered. He stalked restlessly about the empty house for a time, then said, "Come on, get your coat; we're going for a ride". I gaped at him speechlessly, but followed him out to the car.

As he slipped behind the wheel, a subtle change came over him. I could almost read his thoughts. "I'm Charlie Barry now, in the black Number '49', terror of the pavement speedways. Motorists and pedestrians beware!" We started off smoothly, the motor purring a soft promise of dormant power, waiting only for release to life.

"Now where are we going," I said. "Out to a nice little road above Ancaster," Jim informed me. "There is a dandy chain of 'S' curves, and a few right-angled turns. All pavement, too!" He actually looked happy about it!

The road was "dandy" all right. I never want to see another corner as long as I live. We turned onto a narrow paved road, and I could see it was straight and flat for about one-quarter of a mile. I thought, "Oh, this isn't so bad." Little did I know!

We rapidly picked up speed. As the speedometer needle passed seventy-five, I began to feel a little uneasy! We started up a short hill. The speedometer needle crept up to eighty and then to eighty-five. I looked at Jim, and the picture I saw frightened me! His hair was rumpled, and he was crouched over the wheel, holding tight with both hands, a look of joy and triumph on his face. We literally flew over the top of that hill; then I froze in terror. There was a sudden drop-off the road, and then, about a hundred yards away there was a sharp, almost right-angled turn. Jim applied the brakes, and whipped the wheel over hard. We went into that banked turn at fifty-five miles per hour! I was sure we would never make it. The car started sliding to the left, the tires screaming. Jim spun the wheel the other way—now completely terrified himself, but still driving like a maniac to get us out of the spin. As we started to slide the other way, Jim, remembering something he had read, slam-shifted into second gear. The car hesitated for a split second, and then the lower gear connected. The tires screamed, and took hold on the pavement. The car leaped forward as we powered out of that corner.

Jim looked at me as we slowed down to fifteen miles an hour, cautiously made a "U" turn, and headed for home. As we proceeded homeward at the terrific speed of between five and twenty-five miles per hour, Jim and I both decided that we would leave stock-car racing to "Bad Boy" Charlie Barry strictly, and without reserve.



TOO WEARY

GERALDINE HOLUBESHIN.

Don't want to concentrate,
Not even think; just to relax
And dream away the night.
Let me have my dreams, the poet said.
He had no desire for light.
Nor I, no, not to-night—
Don't wish to struggle keeping friends
Waiting patiently for the slow coming end
Of friendship; the death of a wet flame;
The renewal of a sick love, never to be the same.
Too hard to love others, too difficult to grasp.
They struggle so and I give up at last—
My mind too weary, heart too sad
To take their rebukes, their taunts—and laugh.

HOPE

HELEN HOWARD.

Oh! How I dream of sailing
Out on the deep blue sea,
Where the sun shines bright,
And the salt air bites,
And there's naught but the wind and me.

How I long for the feel of the spray,
And the touch of the ropes and the wheel
And the billowing sail
And the howling gale
And the ship with her shuddering keel.

As I walk now alone on the beach,
Musing my shadowy dreams—
While the great breakers roar
And the white sea-gulls soar—
Ever brightly shines hope, it seems.

FOR WANT OF A CLUE

BILL TITTENSOR.

A poor and humble student, sir,
Confronts you with this plea
To guide his weary thoughts aright
And let his dim eyes see.

O sir, I pray that thou will give
Me power to comprehend
The complex workings of my time,
And faith that will not bend.

A challenge to my feeble brain
Has made me tired and sick,
But, sir, if I should die, I will
Find just one clue in physics.

Dear sir of haunted classrooms grim,
I beg with admiration
To show me how a train and car
Can have acceleration.

If such a mass at such a time
Should tumble from a tree,
O sir, of wonders great and small,
Explain its velocity.

My cells are dull and weak, dear sir,
Thou art my only hope,
But despite my thwarting handicaps
Please enlighten the telescope.

O learned sage of night and day,
Drive me till I see
The heat of a boiling, steaming rad
Has great efficiency.

When trains combat and fight it out
For the rails' supremacy,
O engineer of all that is,
Calculate their energy.

Beneficent and stalwart king,
To know what thou dost know
And be thy ever grateful slave
To go where thou dost go.

This is my most humble prayer
And of other derelicts
To find that missing clue, dear sir,
And understand physics.

Thomas Lees

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BOYS' SPORTS

SENIOR FOOTBALL

From the opening kick-off of the first game to the final play of the season, our senior football team was right in there, ever driving towards those elusive white uprights. Spurred by a tremendous team spirit, they went into each game with a determination to win, but victory always seemed to be one step ahead. To rephrase a Churchillian quotation, "Never in the field of human conflict have so many fought so hard with so few results." Even in a losing cause the players tried to the bitter end and losing as good sports takes far more intestinal fortitude than winning.

Hampered by the graduation of most of last year's team, Art Jerome deserves a great deal of credit for moulding as formidable an aggregation as this school had from the material on hand.

Westdale 11, Central 17

Some three thousand students packed the H.A.A.A. field to watch Central turn back Westdale, 17-11, in the opening game of the season. Westdale outplayed their rivals along the line throughout and pushed for almost twice as many first downs. When it came to scoring touchdowns, however, they just didn't have it. Both teams suffered badly from a severe case of nerves and the pigskin changed hands no fewer than five times in a row due to fumbles in one quarter. Down 11-0 at the half, a rampaging Westdale crew started like a house afire in the second half but bogged down on the Central 10 yard stripe.

In the final quarter Westdale pushed across the goal line for two touchdowns, Guy French and Paul Blake sharing the honours. The work of linesmen Nick Dowhaniuk, Bill Glennie, Pete Jessop and Ted McNally, was outstanding, while backs Doug Bell and Dave Giglia stamped themselves as real power-driving players.

Westdale 5, Delta 22

The less said about this game, the better. The only bright spot for Westdale was their aerial attack. The passing attack provided by Browning and Blackborow accounted for six of Westdale's twelve first downs and also accounted for our only major. We were obliging enough to fumble in the direction of the red-and-whites no fewer than twelve times. 'Nuff said.

Westdale 6, Cathedral 19

For one half the Westdale crew held the vaunted Cathedral squad to a 1-0 score, but in the second half the roof fell in. Cathedral upped the score to 7-0; then a Browning-to-Rogers pass accounted for a green and gold touchdown, which was converted by Joey Marko, making the score read 7-6. This was as close as Westdale got, however. Relying strictly on ground plays Cathedral pushed across two unanswered touchdowns, making the final score 19-6 in favour of Cathedral. For Westdale D. Bell, R. Hopkins, D. Blackborow, B. Browning and G. French turned in smart displays.

Westdale 27, Delta 7

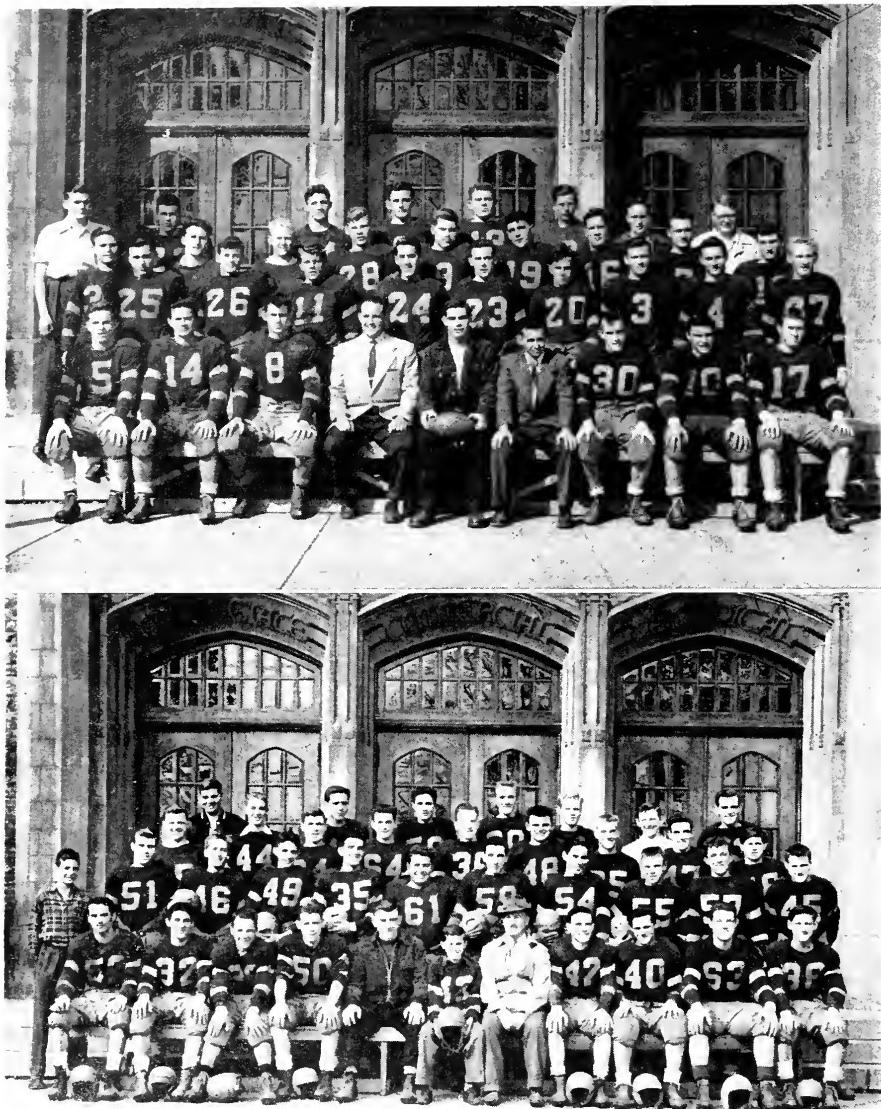
Never was victory so sweet. After absorbing a 22-5 pasting at the hands of Delta, a fighting Westdale crew came out to throw that defeat right back, smearing Delta to the tune of 27-7. In recording their first win of the season Westdale threw everything at Delta but the water boy. Doug Bell, putting on the greatest display of the season, drove to three touchdowns "waltzing" through the red-and-white as if they were non-existent. A Ron Hopkins to Doug Rogers pass and a nice run by Don Blackborow added two more T.D.'s to Westdale's total. Ron Hopkins also played a whale of a game as did the entire Westdale wingline.

Westdale 0, Cathedral 18

With both kickers, Dave Giglia and Guy French out of action, Westdale was no match for the Gaels. Westdale showed the greatest offensive power when bogged down in their own end and seemed to lack it in payoff territory. Bell, D. Mitchell, D. Blackborow and Paul Blake were outstanding in the losing cause.

Westdale 17, Central 34

In spite of the score Westdale more than held their own against the league leading Combines. Westdale practically made a gift of a couple of touchdowns, fumbling at crucial points. The score by quarters read 6-17, 11-17, 11-22, and 17-34. Scoring for Westdale were Doug Bell, Paul Blake, and Ted McNally. On the back line Bell, Blake, and Hopkins were outstanding while Claude Biancucci, Nick Dowhaniuk, Ian Malcolm and Gerry Maloney were the pick of the up-fronters. Joe Marko, diminutive quarterback, also played and called a good game.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row, left to right: D. Wilson, I. Malcolm, B. Bell, B. McDonald, G. Maloney, C. Harrison, A. Souter.
 Third Row, left to right: G. Gieed, C. Mitchell, C. Robinson, D. Bell, P. Jessop, C. Biancucci, B. Hamill, P. Blake,
 D. Rogers.
 Second Row, left to right: W. Nykorak, M. Firth, N. Dowhaniuk, P. Green, D. Blackberow, T. McNally, B. Browning,
 B. Glennie, B. Jolley.
 Front Row, left to right: P. Martin, J. Marko, N. Howell, Art Jerome (Coach), D. Giglia (Captain), Mr. Ferguson, R.
 Hopkins, D. Mitchell, J. Lukasiewicz.

1950 JUNIOR FOOTBALL INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONS

Back Row, left to right: H. Lock, D. Moffat, H. Powell, R. Cruikshanks, J. Murray, G. Skerett, J. Raynor.
 Third Row, left to right: L. Alford, K. Krug, H. Rogers, J. Sage, G. Martyn, M. Sydor, R. Bennett, R. Howell, B. Sherwood,
 Second Row, left to right: C. Gibson, G. Moore, D. Hartman, C. Richardson, M. Buttrum, R. Fitzhenry, R. McQueen,
 D. Gibson, W. Mitchell, S. Ihnot, R. Bethune.
 Front Row, left to right: A. Visosky, F. Shipton, P. Greenhow, R. Crossan, R. Calder, J. Tyson, H. E. Inman (Coach),
 D. Dorsey, J. Hussar, P. Batzold, T. Shore.

Sudden Death Game: Westdale 11, Delta 13

The two tail-end clubs played their hearts out in one of the best games of the season, the outcome being in doubt right up to the final whistle. The Delta squad took a commanding lead of 12-5 but a fighting Green and Gold team came roaring back for a converted touchdown and threatened another before finally being halted. Scoring for Westdale were Paul Blake and Dave Mitchell, while Bell, Walt Nykorak, Norm Howell and Doug Rogers were also outstanding.

The 50-51 Senior Rugby Team line-up:

Harry Lovering	Snap
Bob McDonald	Snap
Alistair Souter	Snap
Nick Dowhaniuk	Inside
Ian Malcolm	Inside
Gordon Gleed	Inside
Gerald Maloney	Inside
Bob Hamill	Inside
Bill Glennie	Inside
Peter Jessop	Middle
Claude Biancucci	Middle
Michael Firth	Middle
Dick Wilson	Middle
Jim Morrison	Middle
Colin Robinson	Middle
Ted McNally	End
Dave Mitchell	End
Barry Jolley	End
Norm Howell	End
Clarence Harrison	End
Cal Mitchell	End
Doug Bell	Half
Dave Giglia	Half
Guy French	Half
Paul Blake	Half
Ron Hopkins	Half
Paul Green	Half
Walt Nykorak	Flying Wing
Doug Rogers	Flying Wing
Pete Martin	Flying Wing
Don Blackborow	Quarterback
Barry Browning	Quarterback
Joey Marko	Quarterback
Joe Lukasiewicz	End

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

It seems like only a few weeks since the Westdale Junior Football team was battling it out on the gridiron, while actually it has been many months. The 1950 season has passed, but it has left us the Interscholastic Junior Football Trophy for the sixth consecutive year. Our team fought long and hard for their victories and each win was well-deserved. Through the efforts of the team itself and its coach, Mr. Inman, another championship squad was produced. The nucleus of this year's team was Battzold, Bethune, Fitzhenry, Rogers, Moffat, Moore and Visosky, all of last year's squad. Even with these players back, Mr. Inman had a tough job on his hands "whipping" the boys into shape; and many hard, long hours were spent in conditioning and coaching. Before going any further, we would like to congratulate Mr. Inman on his wonderful

coaching and Bob Calder on his (wonderful?) conditioning. Also rating a vote of thanks are Karl Krug, Colin Wilson, and Johnny (Squirt) Tyson, the equipment and bucket team.

Summary of the Season's Encounters

The first scheduled game of the season, Westdale Jrs. versus Saltfleet Srs., was cancelled because of moist atmosphere. The cancellation of this game was disappointing as the coach lost a chance to iron out some rough spots which do not show up in a practice, and the team as a whole was quite keyed up for their initial battle.

Thus, the team's first chance to display its wares came in the first league game, Westdale versus Delta, at the H.A.A.A. grounds, scene of all our games. Both teams were out for an early win and one could sense this by the intensity with which the game was played. Westdale, showing the advantages of long hours of practice, ran, kicked and passed their way to a 34-0 victory. Needless to say it was a happy, tired bunch of players who trudged into the locker room after the game.

Next game of the season was against a rugged Cathedral crew. It was a close, well-played game with Westdale emerging the victors by a 7-1 score.

Delta returned to the H.A.A.A. field to try to gain revenge for the humiliating 34-0 defeat inflicted on them by Westdale. It was the same old story, however, with Westdale trouncing the red-and-whites to the tune of 43-0. During this game one of the football players-turned-curler suffered a broken nose. That player was John Murray.

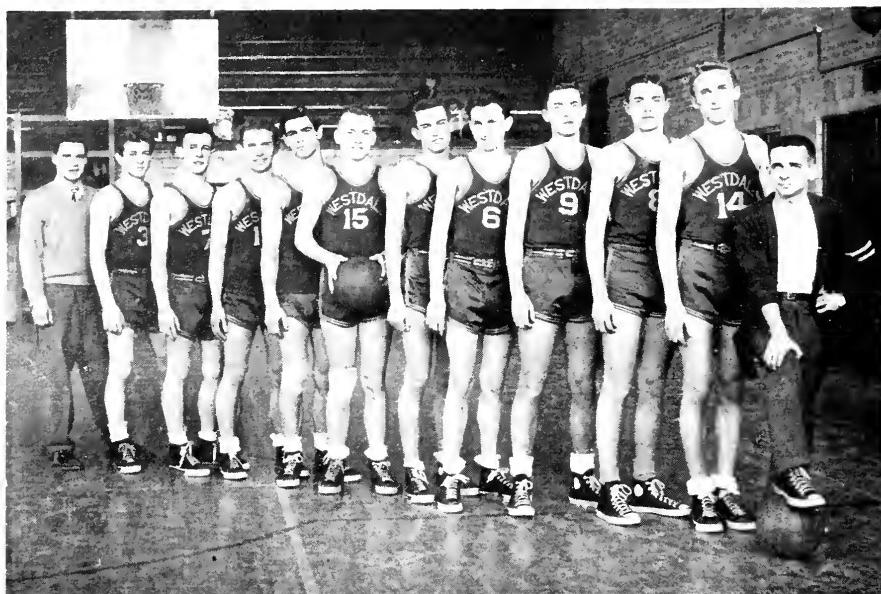
Central turned out to be as tough a foe as Cathedral had been in their first game against the boys from Westdale. In a hard fought game the tri-color of Central managed to hold Westdale to a single, converted touchdown, but they were unable to score themselves. Thus Westdale chalked up their fourth consecutive victory of the year.

October 25th was a black day for all of Westdale, but especially for those who have been connected with the team for the past six years. The impossible happened. A fighting Cathedral crew beat our juniors 9-0, inflicting on the green and gold their first defeat in six years. Well, it only goes to show that Westdale Junior football players are human (a point often in doubt).

Central came back with dreams of repeating Cathedral's feat, but this dream soon became a mild nightmare as they were beaten by a chagrined Westdale squad to the tune of 11-0.

Because Cathedral had beaten Westdale during the regular season, a sudden death play-off game was necessary. The game was played at the H.A.A.A. grounds before a crowd of 3000 fans. The play see-sawed back and forth on the gridiron and at half-time the score stood 11-0. Early in the second half Cathedral threatened to triumph but Westdale came roaring back to take the game 18-14 and their sixth consecutive Hamilton Interscholastic Junior Rugby Championship.

As a final note we would like to take this opportunity to compliment Ron Howell on his feat of winning the "Most Valuable Player's Trophy" for players in the Junior league.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

Left to right: D. Mitchell (Manager), J. Lukasiewicz, D. Blackborow, J. Savchuk (Captain), D. Giglia, G. French, T. Smart, G. Watts, T. Lowden, D. Lowden, B. Cruckshanks, Mr. Ferguson (Coach).

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Back Row, left to right: N. Dowhaniuk (Manager), A. Rogers, M. Sydor, J. Raynor, J. Kutas, D. Rothwell, R. Bethune, B. Browning (Manager).
Front Row, left to right: P. Martin, B. Moore, B. Daniels, Mr. State (Coach), P. Howe, J. Bell (Captain).

SENIOR BASKETBALL

The season began with several exhibition games with the top teams in the province. Some of these games proved very exciting. One of the highlights of this series was the game against Peterborough in which the Dawn Patrol eked out a 51-50 verdict. The game with St. Catharines was a heartbreaker with the team suffering a 65-64 loss.

In regular league play the team got off on the wrong foot, dropping a hard fought fixture to the powerful Delta quintet. Things looked brighter, however, when the Dawn Patrol chalked up two well-earned victories over Central and Delta. Disaster struck three times in succession as our five bowed to Cathederal twice and Central once to wind up in the cellar.

The team would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who helped during the year. This includes the managers, score-keepers, timers, statisticians and the cheerleaders, who helped keep up the team spirit with enthusiastic cheering.

The fellows would like to give an extra vote of thanks to their coach, "Doc" Ferguson. He taught the team a lot of basketball during the past season. "Doc" is a great coach to train under, for he understands the game so thoroughly.

John Savchuck: John was the captain and a hard-driving forward. He was difficult to stop at any time, but when he was really on, he could pour the ball through the hoop at a rapid rate!

Dave Giglia: Best all-round ball player on the team, a fine ball handler, Dave played every position on the team. Above all he was an excellent team player.

Dave Lowden: With twin brother Tom, Dave led the team in gathering rebounds at both ends of the floor. A veteran from last year's team, Dave was an outstanding defensive player.

Tom Lowden: One of the team's leading scorers, Tom was an excellent rebounder with a good set-shot from the side of the court.

Guy French: Guy was handicapped all season with a recurring knee injury sustained in football. If he had been with the team all season and in good physical condition, the final outcome of the league might have been different.

Bob Cruickshanks: Bob came up to the seniors with just one year's basketball experience behind him. The tallest man on the squad he played fine ball in the pivot spot. Since he is only in grade eleven, he shows great promise for the future.

Joe Lukasiewicz: After a fine season in junior ball, "Luke" played some fine basketball for the seniors this year. He almost won the St. Catharines game single handed.

Don Blackborow: "Blackie" joined the squad midway through the season but proved he belonged as a fast, hard fighting guard.

Ted Smart: This was Ted's first year in school ball. He was a hard working, conscientious forward, steady under any conditions.

George Wats: A late-comer to the squad, George stepped capably into the breach when several veterans were ruled ineligible.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

In the Junior Basketball League this year, the Westdale quintet ruled supreme throughout the season only to lose the final playoff game and the championship to Central. Undefeated in regular season play our squad went into the finals to do battle with the Tri-color. The first game was played on Central's floor where the teams battled to a 34-34 tie. This made the second game, to be played on the Westdale court, a sudden death affair. The play in the first half was very exciting with Westdale on the long end of a 19-12 count. In the second half, however, it was a different story as the Westdale squad weakened for the first time all season to lose their lead, the game and the championship, the final score being 40-34.

A great deal of credit is due Mr. State for the manner in which he took a "green" bunch of players and moulded them into one of the smoothest combinations to be seen in Westdale.

John Bell: Captain of this year's squad, Johnnie, a terrific ball handler, had the job of bringing the ball up the floor, setting up plays, and acting as a safety man to ward off fast breaks. John was one of the players elected to the city all-star squad.

"Robbie" Bethune: Playing pivot spot, Robbie accounted for many of the team's points. He constantly kept his check guessing with his left-handed shots and his speed enabled him to break up many of opposing team's plays. Another member of the All-Star team.

Peter Howe: Smallest player on the squad, Pete more than made up for his lack of size with his ball-handling, dribbling and shooting. He was also very effective on defense, often stealing the ball right from under the noses of opposing players. Member of the All-star squad, Pete has another year of junior ball.

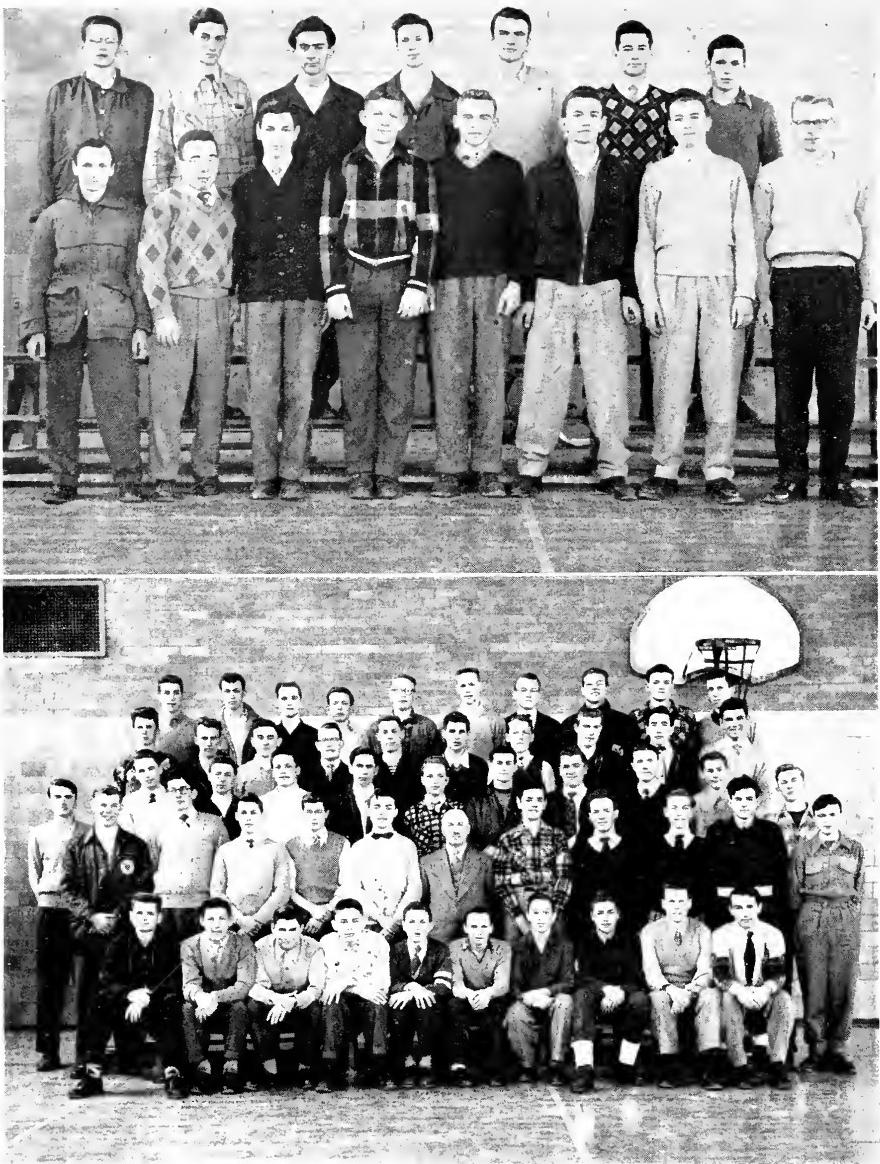
Mike Sydor: Back from last year's team, Mike was high scorer on this year's team. His one-handed set shot was as accurate a shot as I have seen. Mike also played exceedingly well on defense, garnering many a rebound. A member of the All-star squad Mike should go well in Senior ball.

John Rayner: "Long John" was the rebound man of the team. His 6'3" frame enabled him to snare the ball on many occasions, and to set up many plays. A very aggressive player, John could always be depended on to give his best in every game he played.

Don Rothwell: Another member of last year's team, Don has yet another year of Junior ball. Three years of Junior Basketball must be a record of some kind. A good shot, Donnie could always be depended on in crucial points of a game.

Peter Martin: Known as the "Sledge" because of rushes through the opposing teams, Pete was the most aggressive player on the team. He was a persistent check bothering his man from one end of the floor to the other.

"Butch" Rogers: Butch was another aggressive player. He played hard in every game, was a good rebound and defensive man. With his easy going ways, he was one of our most popular players.



TRACK TEAM

Back Row, left to right: Dave Moule, Larry Paikin (Manager), John Pashniak, Doug Haddow, John Moule, Paul Simpson, Conrad Schmidt.
 Front Row, left to right: Karl Bramley, Jim Simpson (Trainer), George Clark, Graham Skerret, George Partridge, Bob Wira, Bill McNicol, Dave Joyce.

1950 CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP RIFLE TEAM

Fifth Row, left to right: H. Cook, F. Geard, J. Smith, J. Tauskela, A. Souter, J. Wilson, G. French, P. Batzold, R. W. Wilson, W. Currie (highest score).
 Fourth Row, left to right: D. Smith, T. Hammond, R. Calder, W. Overell, R. Calder, D. MacMillan, G. Davidson, G. McCre, R. McQueen, R. Davidson.
 Third Row, left to right: R. Kay, A. Usik, D. Dorsey, D. Gibson, R. Williamson, M. Firth, H. Bruce, R. Shoots, D. Mitchell, D. Freeman.
 Second Row, left to right: J. Moule, D. Bell, S. Dobrus, D. Russell, A. Starke, R. Richards, H. E. Inman (Coach), K. Osborne, F. Rouse, P. Collins, B. Nicol, D. Smailman.
 Front Row, left to right: J. Pigott, T. Shore, M. Smith, G. Spittal, R. Jones, P. Bramley, P. Baxter, B. Littlejohn, D. Mann, A. Visosky.
 Absent: R. Evans, P. Jessop, I. Malcolm, A. Puchalski, J. Rakush, G. Usik, R. Forsythe, T. Hammond, M. Thomas, B. Nicol, W. Christmas.

Bud Moore: Bud possessed plenty of speed and a willingness to work. A fine team player, Bud set up many scoring plays. He did not allow his check many scoring opportunities.

Barney Daniels: A hard worker, Barney showed much improvement as the season progressed. Not a prolific scorer, he was a fine playmaker, and a good defensive player.

Jerry Kutias: Lacking experience when he joined the team Jerry came a long way under the patient tutelage of Mr. State. He snared many a rebound and did a fine job defensively.

THE RIFLE TEAM

Last year Westdale's Rifle Team again brought fame to this school by winning the Royal Military College Competition. This match is open to every Army Cadet Unit and Junior Cadet Corps of the Reserve Units in Canada. Our first team won this match with the excellent average of 98.2%, while the second team was fifth. Last fall the following boys, who were members of the first team received silver medals for their accomplishment: Richard Wilson, Ed Wright, Fred Wright, Bob Calder, Bob Crossan, Gary Elliott, Sam Thompson, Mike Firth, Frank Rouse and Warren Currie.

The team also came very close to winning the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association match for the third year in a row. However, we lost out to a team from the Academic de Quebec by .25%. Our second team placed eleventh in this match.

When we began the 1950-51 season, we were faced with a heavy loss, losing valuable members of the team through graduation. However, many new recruits turned out and we have a top ranking team once more. Some of the new boys who have shown promising ability are Preston Baxter, Herman Bruce, George Davidson, Ronald Evans, James McCaw, Don MacMillan, Don Mitchell, Jack Rakush, Don Smith and Paul White. A few older boys who have come out this year for the first time to help us are: Ron Davidson, Collin Campbell, Frank Geard, Tom Shore, Ron Shoots and John Wilson.

Due to the hard work and good spirit of our team this year, we are certain to make 1951 another successful year. The average for our first D.C.R.A. competition was higher than last year. Because of this, we believe that our team has a very good chance to recapture the Dominion Championship. Our hopes this year lie in Bob Calder, Bob Crossan, Warren Currie, Roy Kay, Don MacMillan, Mike Firth, Doug Dorsey, Frank Rouse, John Pigott, Andy Stark, John Smith, Dave Russell, Alex and George Usik and Richard Wilson.

However, championships are not won through the efforts of the team alone. To win a championship, a rifle team must have accurate and well kept equipment. And so, upon Mr. Inman falls the responsibility of seeing that the guns are well kept and accurately sighted at all times. This means that he must have the guns repaired when necessary and keep a close check on the targets fired by each gun. All this work required Mr. Inman to spend about two hours each night throughout the late fall, winter, and spring months down on the range. The members of the team cannot adequately thank Mr. Inman for his efforts on their behalf.

INTERSCHOLASTIC GOLF

Every year, around the end of September, the future Ben Hogans and Byron Nelsons of Hamilton High Schools get together at the Dundas Golf and Country Club to compete for the Dundas Golf Club Trophy, emblematic of the Hamilton High School golf championship. These boys each play 18 holes over the Valley Town layout and at the end of the day's play the school team that has posted the four lowest scores automatically become the champions.

Westdale has been very successful in these annual competitions. In fact, only once, due to circumstances beyond their control, has the cup eluded the Westdale "Divot Patrol". That year a very strong Central squad was led to victory by Ramsey MacDonald and Ray Coole—two boys who can hold their own in almost any company in Hamilton and district.

Last fall the Westdale boys did it again, defeating the Central quartet by a clear margin of 18 strokes. Pete Collins paced Westdale's foursome with a round of 87, while Ron Davidson, 89, Ron Rayner, 94, and Mel Goodes, 95, made up the winning total of 365. These scores were somewhat higher than the boys were capable of shooting and were probably due to the wet playing conditions which would have added about 5 strokes to anybody's game.

WESTDALE TRACK

Undoubtedly the 1951 track season will be one of the biggest and most successful for the Westdale team. It will be one of the biggest because two new meets have been started and one of the most successful because Westdale has much more than its fair share of fine runners. This year the H.I.A.C. has decided to hold an out-door meet in the spring and this is sure to become one of our most important. Heading our list of talent we have a distance runner and a sprinter, namely John Moule and Dave Joyce. John Moule, for the last three years, has been winning against fine competition all the junior distance races about Ontario, and he has not been beaten in his last six starts. Dave Joyce made quite a name for himself last summer when he set and then re broke his own Canadian juvenile record for the hundred yard dash. Both boys hope to compete in the North American schoolboy championships in Madison Square Garden and we certainly wish them the best of luck. Also on the senior team, we have two half backs, Dave Mitchell and Ron Hopkins; both of these boys have run for our senior teams before. Completing the list of experienced seniors we have Doug Haddow, John Pashniak and Dave Moule. Left over in junior ranks from last year's winning junior team we have Bob Wira and Paul Simpson, but this year we have many fine juniors who are just starting and Westdale has a good chance of retaining the Slater Trophy for the third consecutive year. Some of these juniors are young and may not make the team this year, but by coming out now they are gaining invaluable experience and are sure to be heard of in the future. They are Karl Bramby, George Clark, John Cowan, Bob Bennett, George Hamilton, George Partridge, Conrado Schmidt, Graham Skerett and Joe Tauskela.

Last year the Westdale Team participated in four track meets in four different cities and proved themselves to be the equal of any of the high school relay teams in the province. In the first meet in Buffalo the Westdale team of Spenceley, Haddow, Hopkins and Joyce won its race but the race was in two heats with the best time to count and Westdale was forced to place second.

This year we were fortunate in obtaining Jack Warga of McMaster for our coach. Jack is a fine runner himself and he certainly made the boys hop to keep up with him in his warm ups and training. Jack is a hustler and a swell fellow and we know that after he graduates as a high school teacher his football and track teams will be of the highest calibre.

In Toronto John Moule proved to be our big ace as he easily out-distanced the field to win the junior half-mile race of the Eastern championships. In Hamilton at the armouries it was our junior's turn as they, for the second year in a row, won the half-mile relay. The senior relays managed two third places, being beaten in the half-mile relay by fine teams from Montreal and Wayne University. In the out-door Western Relays at London, Westdale entered three relays and copped two second places to close last year's successful season. This year we have hopes of doing better as Rich Bethune was the only member of last year's team to graduate, and we will be entering practically the same line-ups.

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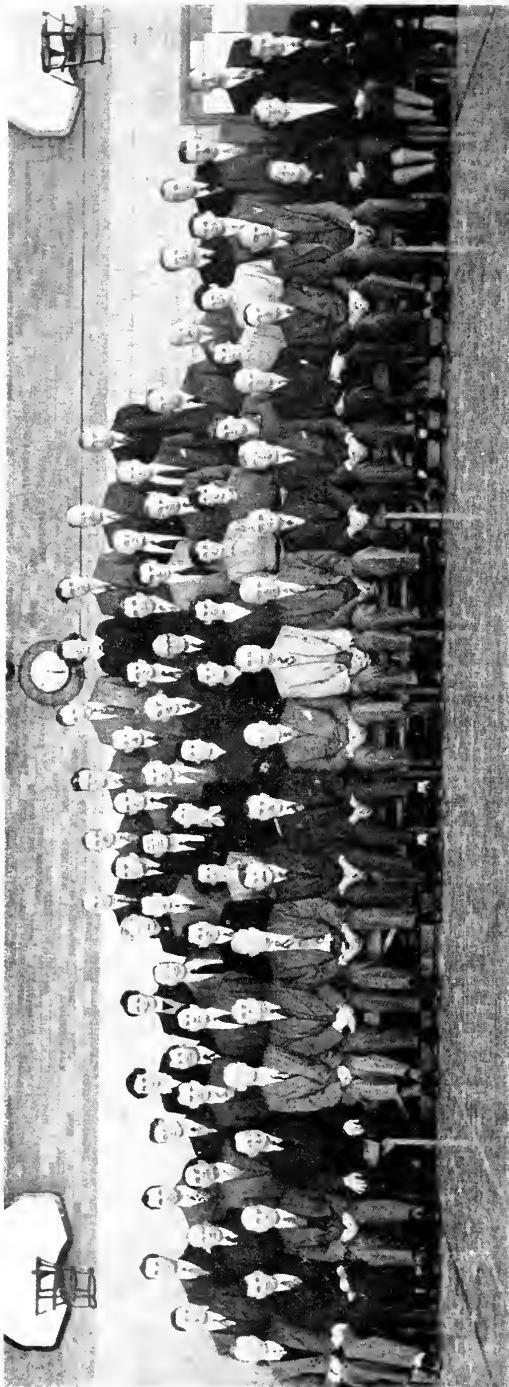


AWARD WINNERS

Front Row, left to right: Catherine McLay, Beatrice Starkman, Lily Danylyk, Audrey Richardson, Margery Salter, Margaret Moule, Barbara Hill, Drucilla Godin, Arlene Emslie.
 Second Row, left to right: Elaine Braithwaite, Rose Lenko, Diane Donald, Elena Colotel, Beverly Gisborn, Mary Kabas, Joan Bates, Joan Greene, Mich Haskimoto.
 Third Row, left to right: Murray Suley, Frank Puskas, Vernon Carston, Mike Lucas, Enn Saumets, Dennis Baker, Paul White, George Clarke, Donald Jarrett, Francis Maine.

STAFF LIST — 1950-1951

Alexander, Herbert E., Allan, George R., Ball, Victor H., Ballantine, John C., Barclay, David H., Baxter, John M., Bell, John W., Bogie, Frank G., Bruden, Corry W., Brouwers, Henry M., Brown, Gordon L., Campbell, Colin E., Chapman, George H., Cooper, John C., Courrice, Edmund D. W., Cowan, John M., Dales, Alice A., Damude, Ronald R., Davies, James L., Devitt, John G., Dixon, Margery E., Dunkin, Cameron R., Ethinger, Karl F., Fee, John R., Ferguson, Donald, Fitzpatrick, Frances T., Fye, Eleanor E., Gilbank, Percy E., Gilchrist, Christina M., Hamilton, Ida G., Hart, Eleanor C., Honey, Percy W., Hunter, Clare, Inman, Herbert E. A., Kerr, Helen M., Kirby, Dorothy J., Lawrence, Osma Megan, Lee, John G., Leroy, Luke H., Lillie, Bertram S., Limon, Elmer B., MacDougall, Peter A., McAndrew, Harry O., McCord, Thomas R., McDarmid, Murray C., McKnight, Elliott, McLeish, Edward R., Miller, James G., Mitchell, Lola K., Noad, Joseph Victor, Partridge, Chester, Poth, Penhal, Marion N., Potter, Samuel H., Pyre, Albert C., Reavley, Douglas E., Richardson, Fred Morley, Rinn, Harris L., Roberts, Brydon A., Rodger, Robert T., Scher, Leslie, Evelyn M., Smith, Bathie A., Smith, William H., Spera, Verna E., Stale, Albert F., Sturrock, John W., Styles, Douglas H., Sweetlove, Leonard, Toon, Charles C., Trayes, A., Ross, Turner, Perry F., Warwick, Paul C., White Arthur H., Whitham, Inez, Wood, John J., Young, Robert, McQueen, Melbourne V.





GIRLS' SPORTS

VOLLEYBALL

As usual all the inter-form volleyball games were played at noon under the competent refereeing and scoring of the students. The games this year, starting about the middle of October, were accompanied by a large display of enthusiasm on the part of all participants.

Inter-Form Winners:

- 1st Form—9-G.
- 2nd Form—10-TUV
- 3rd Form—11-A
- Senior—12-B

All-Star:

Immediately after the Christmas holidays the All-Star teams, chosen before the exams, started practising. Westdale, as usual, entered five teams in the league. The games this year were played in the Central gym at 4:30. This year, due to the fact that Delta and Central are now composite schools, bye's were given to each school for one of the first games. The bye's in Westdale went to the fifth and first formers. Out of the five championships this year Westdale gained two.

Coaches and Referees

This group, which meets once a week at four o'clock in the girl's gym, is composed of girls from grades 11, 12, and 13 who are interested in coaching and refereeing basketball. This group, under the expert guidance of Miss Gilchrist and Miss Lawrence, produces some fairly respectable referees and coaches who conduct the inter-form games.

February 21

A senior team chosen from the coaches and referees group played McMaster in Westdale's gym. Westdale took a slight lead early in the game and maintained it throughout. The final score was Westdale 14, McMaster 10. Rose Macaluso was the star of the Westdale team, obtaining 9 out of the 14 points.

GIRL'S BASKETBALL

Interform Basketball

Soon after the Christmas exams, the interform basketball games started. These games, refereed and coached by students, have so far been very close and since the schedule is not yet completed it is almost impossible to predict victors.

1st Form

The first formers this year, although they played very well, were beaten in the finals by Delta.

2nd Form

This team, although they won their first game over Delta, were defeated by Central in the finals after a stiff fight.

3rd Form

The Thirds, after a hard struggle, bowed to Central in their first game.

4th Form

Westdale's smooth working team easily secured a victory over both Delta and Central to win the championship.

5th Form

Not to be outdone by the fourths, the Westdale fifth formers succeeded in defeating Central and bringing another championship to Westdale.

All-Star:

This year, Westdale carried off four City Championships. Our 13's and 12's defeated Central and Delta respectively, while our 11's and 10's having drawn byes won over Central in the finals. Our 9's lost to Delta, the eventual winners of the championship.

Tennis

The tennis tournament played in the early fall saw Anne Kilgore defeat Freda Shaw to obtain the championship.

Ping Pong

The ping pong tournament this year started about the beginning of October with about twenty girls participating. The finals, played about the beginning of November, were between Marjorie McDiarmid and Mimi Johnston. Mimi Johnston won after a very close game.



INTER-FORM CHAMPIONS



GRADE 9 - 9G

Second Row, left to right: Flora Baccega, Dorothy Olierchuk, Willy Happell.
First Row, left to right: Sylvia Elzinga, Joan Peace, Mary Shaboluk.

GRADE 10 - 10TUV

Second Row, left to right: Eileen Boston, Angeline Altobelli, Lorna Thomson, Doreen Pook, Kenene Turner.
First Row, left to right: Nancy Chiarot, Albina Savenock, Marna Shinbin, Vera Myers, Beth Clarke.

GRADE 11 - 11A

Second Row, left to right: Mary Frances Madill, Marjorie McIntosh, Nancy Hutton, Eva Lustig, June McCurlie.
First Row, left to right: Lorraine Daniell, Pat Robinson, Eleanor Findlay, Joan Boswell, Marian Armstrong, Pat McCallum, Janet Martin.

SENIOR 12B

Second Row, left to right: Margaret Lang, Evelyn Macaluso, Diane Rosart, Gerry Jarrett, Georgia Beatty, Faith Lewis.
First Row, left to right: Marjorie Cook, Barbara Mehlenbacher, Kathy Hawken, Jill Mackenzie, Marion Linton.

ALL-STAR VOLLEYBALL



GRADE 9

Second Row, left to right: Shirley Cummins, Louise Sykes, Shirley Allen, Audrey Richardson, Carol Curran, Jean Thompson.
 First Row, left to right: Dorothy Olicheruk, Nancy McCullough, Geraldine Holubeshen, Annetta Hagar, Myrna Mitchell, Rose Weingartner, Ruth Wilson.
 Absent: Barbara Enskat, Bernice Enskat, Ausma Denidovs.

GRADE 10

Second Row, left to right: Shirley Danforth, Sheila Collins, Carole McDougall, Helen Orcsina, Marnie Wootton, Barbara Hyslop, Kay Johnstone, Elizabeth Eaton.
 First Row, left to right: Norma Draker, Pat Miller, Shirley Young, Marna Shumbin, Norma Cambell, Marlyn Thomas, Kenene Turner.
 Absent: Joan McBain.

GRADE 11

Second Row, left to right: Gertrude Jansen, Edna Reid, Janet Martin, Mary Frances Madill, Audrey Epps, Beverley Stewart, Mary Olicheruk, Judy Beveridge, Fredda Shaw.
 Front Row, left to right: Barbara Craft, Pat McMillan, Pat Cassel, Beverley Kempster, Audrey Marshall, Barbara Vivian, Audrey Noss.

GRADE 12 — CITY CHAMPIONS

Second Row, left to right: Evelyn Macaluso, Audrey Whifford, Kathy Hawken, Jill Mackenzie, Gloria Foreman.
 First Row, left to right: Elena Colotel, Donna Batzold, Jean Lipiec, Rose Lenko, Dorothy Bowes, Barbara Mehlenbacher, Marjorie Cook.
 Absent: Mary Joan Bates, Jean McAuley, Ruth Mulligan, Barbara Patterson, Gloria Raynsford.

GRADE 13 — CITY CHAMPIONS

Second Row, left to right: Nancy McDougall, Lois Martin, Donna Marshall, Arlene Coggins, Clara Walker, Joan Waterland.
 First Row, left to right: Tanna Attack, Pat Waters, Anne Wright, Rose Macaluso, Marjorie Coltar, Janet Young, Valerie Gardiner.
 Absent: Donna Leavitt, Beverley Wands, Betty Wright.



ALL-STAR BASKETBALL

GRADE 13

Second Row, left to right: Louise Onischuk, Pat Watters, Nancy MacDougal, Donna Marshall, Anne Wright,
Betty Wright.

Front Row, left to right: Rose Macaluso, Lee Monaco, Donna Grievson, Joan Waterland, Nancy Taylor.
Absent: Nancy Galbraith.

GRADE 12

Second Row, left to right: Jane Osborne, Mary Joan Bates, Gloria Foreman, Jean McRiley, Dorothy Bowes,
Kathryn Hawken.

Front Row, left to right: Margaret Graham, Marjorie Cook, Evelyn Macaluso, Audrey Whitfield, Rose Lenko.
Absent: Gloria Raynsford.

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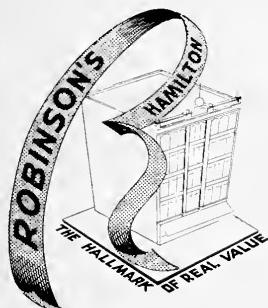
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CLUBS and ORGANIZATIONS

WESTDALE TEENS CANTEEN

The Teens Canteen has experienced one of its most successful years since its inauguration into the social life of Westdale teen-agers. Many innovations have been added, such as coloured lighting, more popular music and frequent engagements of "The Bluenotes", a local teen-age orchestra. A gala dance was held before Christmas with door favours for all. Several record albums and a sweater were among the numerous prizes for spot and elimination dances. A sock hop earlier in the season, to which everyone had to wear "Jeans" and no shoes, developed into a rather riotous evening and quite a number of dirty socks.

Something else new has been added—a teens own hit parade—which the teens pick as they enter.

In co-operation with the Westdale Community Council the canteen presented a Hallowe'en Dance. Ghosts, hoboes, suspicious looking "girls", gypsies and many other odd looking creations invaded our same canteen—or so we thought. Hot dogs, cokes, and apples were served to all these monstrosities who seemed to be enjoying themselves. (The men from Mars enjoyed themselves, too!)

All in all this year has been very profitable for the teen-age inhabitants of Westdale and many thanks go to President Bill Tittensor and his able committee for the entertainment they have provided on the all important Saturday Night.

THE I.S.C.F.

Have you ever heard of I.S.C.F.? We are the Inter-School Christian Fellowship group—an organization open to all. We meet in room 131 every Monday at 12.30. What do we do?? Our aim is to find out where God fits into a high-schooler's life. To do this we make our program varied and interesting: singing, Bible studies, young people's speakers, and socials.

I.S.C.F. was not born yesterday. We are part of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship which began in England nearly eighty years ago and now is world-wide. Representing all denominations, the I.S.C.F. meets in hundreds of Canadian high schools.

This year we have enjoyed an outdoor party at Webster's Falls, a skating party, and a city-wide rally. We are confident that our existence is of real importance to Westdale, and that, if we work together to develop the spiritual life of teen-agers, we won't miss our goal.

CHESS CLUB

Chess is a game played by two persons who manipulate small pieces of wood over a checkered board divided into sixty-four squares. Any further explanation is pointless, impossible, and of no interest to the general reader. The pertinent fact is that certain persons do play chess, and apparently take pleasure from it.

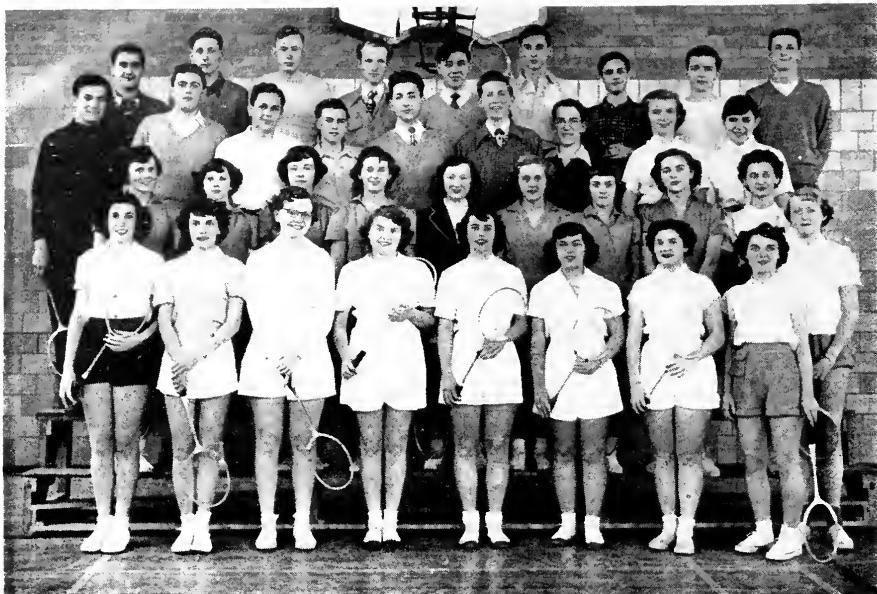
These persons include not only bearded intellectuals in garrets, mediaeval scholars and other learned recluses, but also students of Westdale School. These abnormalities throng each Thursday night to room 215 where, under the expert guidance of the learned J. C. Cooper, professor d'echecs, perhaps a dozen fierce and bloody battles rage at each meeting.

If you should chance to peer in, you would see the combatants with their chins propped up in their hands, bent over their boards in silent and serious contemplation. You would look no longer, if you were wise, for the Milk-Bar is a much more enjoyable place to be. But if you should decide to stay, you would hear many an interesting sound and learn much about human character. For only when engaged in a game of chess does a person reveal his innermost traits. You would hear most vile and obscene curses from the mildest of men, and cries of anguish and ejaculations of woe issuing from strong and manly throats. But if you should only wonder who we are who play this game, you would see that we are a varied lot. We include little first-formers, old and hardened grads, as well as such intelligentsia as Mike Newhouse, Nick Rizzo, Gaines Fox and Guy French. We have a President, Thomas Baldock, although most of us are unaware of the fact, and a secretary, Jean Fox, who never takes notes.

If you would, you could join us. We don't think that you would regret it; for chess is really fun.

THE BLOOD DONORS' CLUB

During the cold days of January, approximately twenty-five unselfish, male students went down to the Red Cross on John Street South to "Give More". Fifteen made the journey (moral support), and had their picture taken. This picture appeared in the Spectator and the Canadian High News, another victory for Westdale. Mr. McAndrew has consented to be our teacher advisor, so the idea may be carried on next year. Anyone in fifth form next year, who is over eighteen years of age should see Mr. McAndrew for the "gory" details.



BADMINTON CLUB

Back Row, left to right: Ed Dorko, Bob Woolcott, Al Green, Brooke Townsend, Phil Yanover, Larry Paikin, Mike Newhouse, Bill Newton, Jack Sage.

Third Row, left to right: Lyle Harrison, John Philip, Nick Rizzo, Jim Horsley, Larry Borkowitz, Ross Irwin, Bob Sullivan, Diane Gladman, Barb Suley.

Second Row, left to right: Ruth Moore, Sue Van Sickle, Judy Thomas, Baib Craft, Marion Linton, Irene Harker, Carole Gorne Janet Martin, Pat Hopkinson, Marjory Salter.

First Row, left to right: Audrey Whitfield, Pat Fuller, Nancy Senn, Mimi Johnston, Joan Waterland, Nancy Reid, Audrey Meek, Marg Wortall.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Back Row, left to right: Marjorie MacIntosh, Diane Gladman, Lynn MacGillivray, John Tyson, Faith Lewis.

Middle Row, left to right: Barbara Suley, Joan Godden, Barbara Playfair, Mary Dawn Webster, Pat Robinson, Catherine McLay, Jessie Borden.

Front Row, left to right: Charlotte Wanger Dorothy Davidson, Donna Cooper, Gerry Jarrett, Pat Fuller, Dorothy Kelly, Rochelle State.

BADMINTON CLUB

On Tuesday and Friday afternoons, shortly after four p.m., Westdale badminton enthusiasts troop to the girls' gym. This year Miss Scully's burden, as counsellor, has been lightened by Mr. Noad. Tuesdays Miss Scully tries to make real badminton players of us. Friday the job falls to Mr. Noad.

We all try hard but some of us are quite hopeless. We are proud, though, to have such champions in the club as Joan Waterland and Ross Irwin, who won the mixed doubles championship last year.

There has already been one practice tournament. There are more to come which we hope to enter. We can only guess what the outcome will be, but fingers are crossed and hopes high.

We have a friendly club comprised of almost sixty students from all forms but grade nine. We enjoy our game and have a lot of fun. We try to show appreciation of the work of our executive and teacher counsellor by regular attendance on badminton nights. Remember, if you want a good clean sport and a grand time, try badminton.

WESTDALE CAMERA CLUB

The lucky thirteen of the Westdale Camera Club started the season off with a bang in the middle of September. Mr. Ball filled the post of advisor and Jim Fish was elected president, with Jean Drone as Secretary-treasurer.

Several talks about photography were given to us by prominent Hamilton men. Mr. Binkley spoke on Von-L developers and Mr. Powell spoke on enlarging. In March we were pleased to have our own Mr. Smith as speaker.

This year we have had two photography contests

and another is on the way. Don Smallman was the winner of the contest on the topic "Football"; the open contest was won by Gary Collins.

The sessions in the school dark room have proved instructive for the less experienced members. We have learned developing, printing, and enlarging.

The spring season will be the time when our cameras really go click, and we will gain more experience so that we will be able to load our albums with the masterpieces of summer holidays.

WESTDALE DRAMATIC CLUB

In October a group of eager Thespians gathered in Mr. Damude's room to form Westdale's Dramatic Club of 1951. At our first meeting we held an election of officers, and the following people were installed: President, Gerry Jarrett; Vice-President, Donna Cooper; Secretary, Pat Fuller; and Treasurer, Ted Heaven.

The members were then asked to volunteer for the following committees: properties and costumes, make-up, publicity and tickets, and play reading. A representative, Joan Godden, was next elected to go to the Triune's music and drama committee.

At a later meeting we decided to produce the comedy, "Our Dream House." This is a small, one-act play, and is being directed by Mr. Warnick. The cast includes: Faith Lewis, Clara Walker, John Tyson, Pat Robinson, Maxine Gelling, Judy Lyons, Bill Dowd and Lynn MacGillvary.

After Easter, the club is looking forward to having another small play, but we have not yet decided what it will be.

We are sorry that we were unable to produce for you a school play, but we hope that the Dramatic Club next year will be able to do so.

WESTDALE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

Girls, this is your Alumnae Association. We hold regular meetings in the Health Room on the fourth floor, the first and third Wednesdays of each month at 8:15 p.m., from October until May.

In this our 1950-51 season, the initiation, which took the form of a Rotary dinner, was more fun for the participants than the spectators.

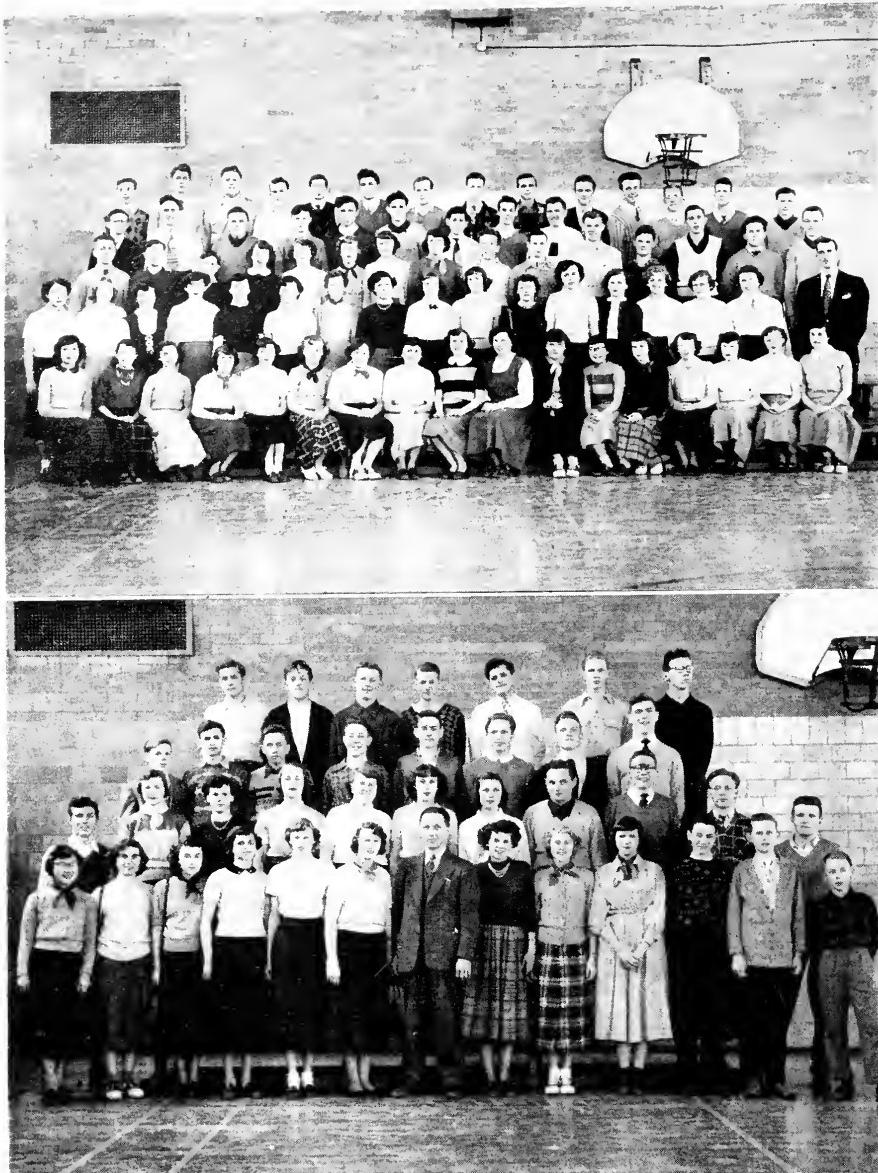
The Old Girls' keep in contact with the school by the presentation of awards at the Commencement Exercises in November. Following this we have a party for the Graduates and their friends.

December brings us into the festive season when we undertake to supply several Christmas dinners, as well as playing Santa to the girls at Lynnwood Hall.

Each year we have a Bridge, to which we take

our friends; an Afternoon Tea, held this year on St. Patrick's Day; welfare work of some kind; and last but not least our Annual At-Home at the Brant Inn. This year it was on February first with Mardi Gras as the theme, an evening that ended all too soon. The season ends with the Annual Banquet in June which is on the Club. During the Summer, picnics are the order of the day.

To the girls of this year's graduating class may we extend this invitation to join our Club and keep in touch with your school friends. This is the time of the year when we are looking for new members and anyone interested is asked to call this year's President, Miss Dorothy Page, at 2-6158 or Helen Woodward, Secretary, at 2-7223. Call us now, so that we may have the names of prospective members and our initiation plans will be ready, come October.



MIXED CHOIR

Back Row, left to right: K. Eastwood, M. Raine, J. Fish, R. Hopkins, A. Starke, C. Biancucci, D. Heaven, B. Yates, S. Manchuk, P. Jankowski, H. Turkstra, M. Thomas, F. Walker, B. Brecken. Row 4: D. Sheppard, C. Harrison, R. Chapman, D. Smallman, J. Nahirny, B. Nicol, B. Toderal, W. Homer, H. Bruce. Row 3: D. Firth, M. Hugill, K. Manchuk, N. Hutton, J. Boswell, B. Auld, B. Myers, B. Ferns, J. Yates, D. Bell, A. Hugill, D. Lowden, C. Mitchell, G. French. Row 2: T. Olmstead, C. McLay, J. Borden, M. Taylor, N. Balison, K. Torrens, B. Hall, L. Welch, V. Myers, B. Clinch, J. Goddin, A. Gilbert, N. McLeish, S. Daubreville, N. Webster, M. MacIntosh, Mr. Leroy (Director). Row 1: P. Robinson, H. MacBain, R. State, P. Penfold, N. Biggs, S. Morris, P. Heaven, K. Scime, A. Toth, D. Braithwaite, J. McDonald, K. Fujino (Pianist), G. Edwards, L. Murray, S. Little, K. Turner, B. Clarke. Absent: P. Jessop, J. Faulkner, S. Graham, R. Harrison, A. Hunter, K. Miller, L. Martin, A. M. Pen, M. Miller, M. D. Webster.

ORCHESTRA

Back Row, left to right: Bob Eydt, Steve Luby, Graham Skarret, Dean Axelson, John Hussar, John Murray, Barry Harris. Row 3: Francis Maine, Nat Battersby, John Van Loon, Peter Ford, Mike Cavanaugh, Robert Williamson, Andy Hunter, Butch Rogers. Row 2: Licyd Ross, Katherine Danforth, Isabel Heaven, Pat Mills, Norma Lemon, Peggy Culbert, Donna Lloyd, Ross Thomas, Pete Kapelle, Bob Neilson. Row 1: Kay Fujino, Joan Robinson, Donna Best, Hilda Warren, Marnie Wootton, Vera Robinson, Mr. Roberts (Conductor), Betty Paisley, Jean McDermid, Bob Cant, Bob McFadgon, Doug Hughes, Jeff Martin.

WESTDALE MIXED CHOIR

This past fall when the choir returned to practices we found we had lost our bass and tenor sections through graduation or for other reasons. Since we are known as the "Mixed Choir", we put in an S.O.S. (Save Our Choir) to any boys in the school who could hold a tune to fill out our ranks. After acquiring our new men, we began practising with high hopes and enthusiasm for the season of 1950-51. We elected our executive with Peter Jankowski as our president. We have had no social functions yet, but hope to in the near future.

We have already performed at Commencement, junior auditorium, senior auditorium, and at Centenary United Church.

Our plans for the future include a show of negro songs.

We all appreciate Mr. Leroy's capable leadership and untiring energy in conducting us. Kay Fujino, our pianist, has played for all our accompanied numbers during the year and has been very efficient and reliable. We shall all look back on the year as a most active and enjoyable one.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

We, as members of this small but important group, are proud to be a part of such a worthy international organization as the Red Cross. In our own way we try to carry out the aims of our mother organization.

We sell refreshments at school dances to help less fortunate children. Seventy-five dollars was donated to the preventorium of the San for treats for the children and we are helping to dress blind children at the Junior Red Cross orphanage at Sunnyside, England. Among other activities a port-

folio is being prepared to exchange with a group in Mexico.

These activities go on under the direction of our capable executive, who are as follows: President, Gail Gambell; Secretary, Elizabeth Battram; Treasurer, Mary Winfield; Circulation Manager, Bernice Lewis.

Many thanks goes to our teacher advisor, Miss Fitzpatrick who, for many years, has directed the Junior Red Cross in Westdale.

GEOGRAPHY CLUB

Although the Geography Club is still in its infancy, it is already receiving considerable recognition, and in less than a year it has developed into a strong, active club.

The aim of the club is to stimulate an interest in other countries of the world and to develop an understanding of the people who live in them. The understanding of these differences will help to develop an attitude of respect for people and individuals, unprejudiced by qualities of race, colour, class, creed or national origin.

Membership in the Geography Club is open to any Westdale student, and at present there are forty-six members in the club.

This year the programmes are featuring ten countries which are members of the United Nations. Each meeting features a display of posters, pictures and booklets concerning the country. Motion picture films of the country are shown and these are followed by a short discussion period.

The enthusiastic support of its members shows that the club is providing a much desired function in the school.

WESTDALE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The orchestra has filled its accustomed niche in our school life this past year under the baton of Mr. B. A. Roberts. It has played in both junior and senior Auditoriums, Commencement, and special functions that go to make Westdale, Westdale. It has filled every request for its services from the Music and Drama Committee of the Triune, as well as three services at Centenary United, Westdale United and McNeil Memorial Baptist churches.

This year we are pleased to have Mr. G. Brown as associate conductor. On the whole we have had a very successful year.

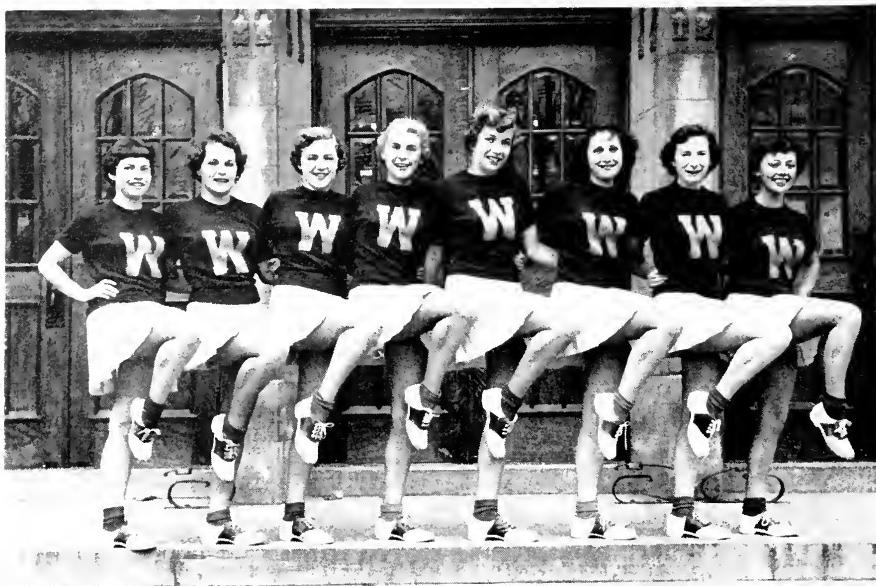
The calibre of our music has improved this year, and we have more members. When we speak of the calibre of the music we mean that we take into consideration the number of years of experience each member has had as well as his proficiency. It is true we do not sound like the Toronto

Symphony; however, if you compare the proficiency quotient of the groups this year and last, you will find we have made progress.

A new group in the orchestra this year is an ensemble called "The Syncopators." This group has made progress very quickly. It usually takes them twenty minutes to prepare a new number. While they are a small group, possibly possessing some of the best instrumentalists in the orchestra, still they have contributed immensely to the enjoyment of our auditoriums.

You as our audience have been very co-operative, even when we were not at our best. In this regard we wish to thank you.

Westdale can expect great things from this orchestra with its youth and enthusiasm, and will not be disappointed.



CHEERLEADERS

Left to right: Marg Graham, Fredda Shaw, Bev. Stewart, Kathy Hawken, Donna Marshall, Louise Onischuk, Marjorie Cook, Gloria Hutton.

BUGLE BAND

Back Row, left to right: H. Caswell, A. Ccr, R. Day, A. Blanche, Ekke Vanderswaag, F. Rumney, J. Davidson, W. Matthews, R. Richards, M. Bannerman, J. Edge.
Third Row, left to right: Andy Rakoczy, P. Baxter, Bill Hawkins, G. Patterson, B. Nicol, D. Blackmore, D. Gregory, R. Alexander, J. Mudgett, G. Mimmo.
Second Row, left to right: J. Van Dozon, V. Cantlon, D. Willis, K. Gunby, D. Goolier, T. O'Flanagan, B. Bootland, Ian Stahn, B. Littlejohn, D. Saynor, W. Wallwin, B. Hill.
Front Row, left to right: A. Mayberry, K. Bohill, D. Baxter, B. Gillbank, L. Ross, A. Brown, P. Brown, R. Chapman, C. Wilson, C. Lang, Mr. Davies (Leader).

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PROM

Star light, star bright
First star I've seen to-night
Wish I may, wish I might
Ride to the Prom in style to-night

Against rich, shiny-blue background, big, glittering stars twinkled over the walls of the suddenly transformed gym, and only stars could be fitting for the Westdale Prom of '51.

Ohs, ahs and sighs were the first words as Westdalites first viewed the gym on the night of February 16.

The blue and white matted paper which lowered the ceiling completed the transformation from gym to ballroom where students of Westdale danced to the smooth and dreamy music of one of Hamilton's finest dance orchestras, Ron Wicken. A bridge in one corner, over which the silvery moon was rising provided a romantic setting for the eager "shutter-bugs" from the camera club who spent the evening taking pictures of formally dressed girls and handsome boys. Under this bridge was a pond as calm as glass on which two ducks swam, one blue, one silver. To round off this picture,

dancing silhouettes peeked down from the back-boards.

Energy was renewed for more dancing by sandwiches, cake and "cokes" in the girls' gym.

Come one a.m. the last words were still ohs, ahs and sighs for the "biggest and bestest" Prom Westdale has ever had.

The two other socials in the social life of the students of Westdale were a sweater hop and a choir concert. The sweater hop, which was held in January was called, appropriately enough, the January Jump. There were no decorations to describe; but with good music, cokes as refreshments, and the happy inhabitants of Westdale in attendance, who needs decorations? Everyone had a grand time.

In March the Mixed Choir presented a half-hour of negro spirituals; with the addition of the really deep basses it was "really out of this world". We thought we were out of this world when the lights went out while the choir was doing its version of "Dry Bones". Lo and behold! Westdale had a new addition—a dancing skeleton. Westdale is proud of its mixed choir—so, best of luck in the future.

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement began for the graduates when the Triune treated them to a big dinner amid an atmosphere of autumn and Westdale. Pine boughs, squash and candles bedecked the long tables, while green and yellow streamers were draped around the cafeteria. The art department contributed place cards with each grad's name in green and gold. Kay Fujino played dinner music via the piano, and from all reports it was really something to hear. From the completely satisfied looks of the grads, the meal must have been a good one.

The formal part of Commencement this year seemed much like a real graduation, since the feminine side of the graduates floated across the stage for their diplomas in pastel formals with many corsages adding to the effect. Westdale managed to win its share of prizes and scholarships—a usual happening we may all be proud of. David Wiles' position as valedictorian couldn't be

disputed, especially after his fine address. He presented a picture of the late Mr. Dallas Bates, a former principal of Westdale, on behalf of the graduating class.

Mr. Leroy's mixed choir pleased everyone not only with its smart appearance—the girls in long dresses, the boys in suits and bow-ties—but also with their lovely voices and arrangements.

The graduates adjourned to the boys' gym for the final part of their big evening. This took the form of a dance sponsored by the Westdale Old Girls' Association. The group was small; the music was good and so were the sandwiches, cokes, and the cookies served gratis.

Then one a.m. rolled around; the big evening was over. As the grads left Westdale for the last time—was that a sigh I heard?

SADIE HAWKINS DANCE

Did you happen to see some pretty ragged looking people on the night of November 17? Were they headed in the direction of Westdale S.S. (destination boys' gym)? Did the girls look triumphant and the boys hen-pecked? Wonder no further, it was the night of Westdale's Annual Sadie Hawkins Dance.

The gym was decorated very tastefully, and I must use the term loosely, with brown paper, a back-house, pappy's grave and some old clothes strung across a line (some teacher's Friday washing no doubt!)

The residents of Dogpatch must be thanked; for they, of course, were responsible for the decora-

tions. It was a struggle but Mammy finally consented to part with dear old pappy's grave while Li'l Abner and Daisy Mae autographed the brown paper (probably stolen from the hermit).

A honeymooning couple from Lower Slobovia walked off with the best costume prize. I guess if they admitted they came from Lower Slobovia they certainly deserved the prize. The dress was very informal if you hadn't realized that by now. The crowd and the entire atmosphere of the dance was also informal—what else?

Are you still wondering? Could such creatures as these have a good time? Don't you know? Westdale's Sadie Hawkins Dance is always fun and this year was no exception.

SNOW BALL FROLIC

The exams were put on the shelf until Easter, and after two weeks of hard labour Westdalites were in a gay mood to enjoy the Snow Ball Frolic on December 22 in the boys' gym.

The decorating committee did a fine job of creating a Christmas atmosphere. At one end of the gym, high on a platform was the Christmas tree, a brilliant maze of multi-coloured lights and sparkling decorations. Across one wall the gym wished you a Merry Christmas in big shiny green letters. On this same wall was a fire-place just to make

everything really festive. Round about, on the walls were old-time Christmas posters that made us realize that people at one time had snow for Christmas.

The music was in the form of records, and prizes were given for several elimination and spot dances. (These prizes would come in handy for Christmas gifts!)

With visions of Santa, sugar-plums and no school, everyone had that wonderful Christmas spirit and a wonderful time.

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ROOM NEWS

9-A

JUST IMAGINE—

BILL M.: Bowling 450.

PAUL D.: Following in Yukon Eric's steps.

IRVINE F.: Giving the girls the rush.

EDDIE B.: Rooting for Toronto Argonauts.

HERMAN B.: Not saying "May I pleased be excused?"

NAT B.: Taking Estel H. to the prom.

LINDSAY S.: Saying this is CKOC, Hamilton.

BOB H.: Not drawing aeroplane pictures.

RODGER I.: Not working at Loblaws.

RAY N.: Not getting the hiccups in French.

BILL D.: Studying French 2 hours each night.

PETER F.: Not taking a second look.

DFAN A.: Dating Georgia B.

MANNY K.: Not learning his history.

GRAHAM S.: Sitting on the bench for only a minute.

WALT G.: Quitting basketball.

MICHAEL C.: Failing math (father?)

JEFF M.: Playing centre for the Globetrotters.

GORDON V.: Not playing with his train.

ESTEL H.: Not sitting beside N. B.

DOREEN R.: Doing a perfect summersault.

ISOBEL F.: Doing a waltz in the hall instead of a Charleston.

DONNA B.: Playing her flute like her FRIEND Peter.

FRANCES P.: Not helping Georgia in math.

ELIZABETH H.: Not saying "I did not, PETER."

NORMA H.: Not having those interesting Saturday dates.

(Jerry?)

VERA R.: Blowing her brains out on her tuba.

BEVERLEY B.: Sighing, "Oh, Graham!"

BARBARA M.: Waking up in French.

LAURA N.: Learning to play basketball.

ARLENE C.: Oh, yes! you can be a blonde for only 29c.

WILMA A.: Getting a detention.

9-B

PETER ARMSTRONG: This class member had a bit of rough luck around Christmas missing some of his exams and then having his appendix out. After all this, the little fellow can still smile. Good luck, Pete.

JANET ASKEW: Tall, dark, and pretty. Are you boys interested? She always seems to get picked on by teachers, but never knows the right answers. All in all she is pleasant, and easy to get along with.

DON BENNIE: An incarnation of Michaelangelo, he is one of our class artists. From what the class can gather he is going to work for the Dept. of Highways as a sign painter. This will keep up his art work and keep him in practice drawing curves.

ELIZABETH CHAMP: The youngest member of 9-B is very short and can never seem to get her homework done. Try hard, won't you, Liz?

SYDNEY CHERTKOFF: You have probably seen Syd strutting around the halls in his bright purple corduroy jacket. If he can keep up his good marks he intends to be a lawyer, going into partnership with his brother who is on 1950's Summa Cum Laude.

BARRY CHESTNEY: Barry keeps the school busy printing those little pink and white slips we all know of. Even though he doesn't see all he can of them, he is always ready to help our girls. Especially one "Bonny Scotch Lass".

BONNIE DAVIS: Bonnie is the type of girl who makes it a pleasure to come to school (at least, that's what a certain Jim says). He should know! She intends to be a nurse—Oh! Those lucky doctors and patients.

KENT FALLIS: The little, "One of the roving kind" suits him perfectly. He seems to roam the halls during periods. One of these fine days he'll forget to come back.

JOAN GREENE: An eye-catcher with blonde hair, Joan is also our class brain. This girl is a mixture—beauty and brains.

BERT HILL: One thing is sure—our petit Bert will never make the basketball team. He'd make a good pin in a bowling alley, though.

MARY HOPKINS: Mary always seems to be the quiet type, but get her in an exciting 9-B rendition of "Basketball" and she's as noisy as the rest of us. Nursing seems to be her destination, too.

JERRY JEROME: Jerry (as everyone knows) is our comedian. He's full of whims and vigour; but does he feel the same about school?

BRUCE LITTLEJOHN: One of our class musicians. He is also on the rifle team and does a lot of "bull-shooting." Speaking of shooting the "bull", the girls think he's a good looking boy.

BRUCE MACKINSON: Bruce has the appearance of a history teacher or an efficient prof. Who knows? Maybe that'll be his destination. Whatever it may be, good luck, Bruce!

FRANCIS MAINE: Our English friend, Francis, is not dearly beloved by the boys of 9-B. He has a lot of brains and he puts them to use a great deal. Whatever his destination, we know he will be a good worker.

BARBARA McCREADIE: We all hope Barbara has finally settled into Collegiate. Our Barb had to try all the courses first. I guess all mountaineers are the "roving kind", though.

JOHN McDUGALL: A native of Ancaster who is built big. We'd like to see John ten years from now.

ERIC NOBLE: Here is an expert skater—we hear he plays hockey quite often. Or is it hockey—eh, Eric?

ELIZABETH PAISLEY: You can tell this girl by her walk. Betty must be fond of swimming because of the way she waves her arms around. You can tell her anywhere.

JOYCE PHILLIPS: Our "Queen of the Ice" goes skating till late, and comes to school in just the nick of time. Joyce, you see, loves to beat the clock whenever she can.

PETER REED: Pete is very shy and scholastic. We'd like to see Pete ten years from now.

MURIEL SANGSTER: Our Muriel visits good ol' Westdale occasionally and when she does she seems to enjoy it. It takes a bit of strength for her to remove her gum at every question.

STEWART SIMSON: If a girl talks to "Spider" he gets red and starts to laugh. Is he bashful! (Around girls, that is.)

DAVID SHORE: Built in the drape fashion, which goes for his clothes, too, we hear that he is another Fred Astaire.

He is a pretty good guy.

LEONA SHOTROPA: We often wondered why Leona always went around studying the heads of 9-B's scholastic members.

The reason—She's planning to be a psychiatrist.

JEAN SHUMAKER: We are thinking of taking up a collection to buy Jean a bottle of white shoe polish. Our girl needs a shoe shine. She dislikes to clean those saddle oxfords. Never mind, Jean, maybe you can get black ones.

GUY SPITTLER: Our class often wonders just how many names Guy really has. Aside from that he is quite efficient at leather work and wood-carving.

JACK VIVIAN: Jack is no doubt going to be an Algebra teacher. You know: large pluses and little minuses.

ERNEST WARREN: He must plan on being a postman for we hear he plays post office all the time—er, that is he saves stamps. He approves of girls and sells milk to them in the school cafeteria.

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DAVID WATSON: A Penmanship course wouldn't hurt David a bit. However, even if he can't write, he's a professional at making weird faces.

JOAN WORTHINGTON: Slim and short, she has a nice voice, eyes, and a beautiful sense of humour. Her grades are good and if she keeps it up she'll go far in this world. Good luck, Joan.

EMIL YURKO: Emil's name sounds like that of a film star. Maybe he'll fool us all and grow a foot or so and reach stardom. Incidentally, he has brains, too.

OUR FORM MASTER MR. MCKNIGHT: A jovial man well liked, even when he cracks a "punny" joke. We should like to know if he was ever a wrestler, for he has a specialty, a wrestler's trick—the Neck Rub. The "Rub" is used on unobliging students.

9-C

20 YEARS FROM NOW—

KAY F.: Concert pianist.

NANCY P.: Some lucky boy's nurse.

PETER S.: Playing N.H.L. hockey.

RODDY G.: Water-boy for the Dawn Patrol.

NORA S.: Still taking violin lessons.

DON H.: Quiz master on some radio programme.

TOM D.: Still delivering for Wells.

IZZY S.: An educated "man of the road."

MAXINE G.: Still chasing many a poor boy.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

SUE M. went out with JACK?

RON M. didn't chew gum?

ISOBEL didn't go HARE hunting?

JOAN S. completed a summersault in gym?

BANTING acted his age?

WENDY couldn't sing?

HELEN didn't get 90%?

LORRAINE forgot about football?

AUDREY forgot about football (players!)?

EARL came out to basketball practice?

RIGBY forgot about CATHERINE?

BOB R. got here before 2 minutes to 9?

FAVOURITE SAYINGS—

LOUVAIN G.: "Oh Gad!"

NANCY M.: "Wouldn't that rot your socks!"

DREILLA G.: "Oh fiddlesticks!"

AGNES D.: "Holy cow!"

BARB H.: "Heavenly days!"

JOAN M.: "What now?"

ANNETTA H.: "Oh man!"

JEAN S.: "Oh nuts!"

MARTHA F.: "Oh gad!"

MR. TOON: "It behoves you to pull your marks up."

9-D

Read on, dear friends, and you will see,
What goes on in the class of 9-D.

A is for ALLEY, our Dorothy Dix,
MILTON'S motto is, "me fix!"

A is for ALLEN, so lovely and fair,
DONNY and SHIRLEY make quite a pair!

A is for ALEXANDER, our Gregory Peck,
What rhymes with Peck besides neck?

(Need we say more?)

A is for ARLIN, who speaks with a laugh,
When he opens his mouth, it creates quite a draught.

B is for BAKER, so clever and wise,
In art, he always takes first prize.

B is for BATES, who's jet-propelled,
The mischief JOAN makes cannot be quelled.

B is for BECKLEY, our future nurse,
Watch PAT'S patients yell and curse!

B is for BLACK, our scientific brain,
"I forgot to do it," is his refrain.

B is for BLACKMORE, who's going to be slender,
It's all to impress the opposition gender.

B is for BRADLEY, who's tall and no goof,
When he plays basketball, he touches the roof.

B is for BROWN, who has waves in his hair,
Could it be for a maiden fair?

B is for BRUNO, who seldom is sad,
When he starts acting up, he's quite the lad.

B is for BURNHAM, who adds joy to our classes,
We wonder who GEORGE'S favourite lass is.

C is for CONRAD, who at sports is all show,

When the gym period's over, he still is all blow.
 D is for DAVID, who is quiet and calm,
 But, when he gets going, he is just like a bomb.
 D is for DON, who is proper and quiet,
 Upon that fact, his friends don't deny it.
 M is for DORNEY, 9-D's room rep.,
 CHARLOTTE'S the gal who gives us pep.
 E is for ELIZABETH, her nickname is LIZ,
 In all school subjects, she is a Whiz.
 H is for HARVEY, no star at P.T.,
 In his late model car, RON is something to see.
 I is for IRWIN, whose last name is STOREY,
 At football, someday, he hopes to win glory.
 J is for JOE, whose last name is PIERCE,
 His manner is cool, and he seldom gets fierce.
 J is for JIM, whose last name is PRICE,
 When he is around, people think he's so nice!
 K is for KENT, there's a girl he dislikes,
 There is a slight hint, that she is LOUISE SYKES.
 K is for KACEY, whose middle name is ANN,
 Right now she is looking for a short man.
 M is for MERMA, whose clothes are so neat,
 In most of the classes, near the front is her seat.
 M is for MIKE, whose face is a-blush,
 The funny thing is—no girls on the rush.
 M is for MURIEL, who goes for ballet,
 When school is in session she is often away.
 M is for MURRAY, whose last name is SULEY,
 We think that his mate will be MARGARET ANN KALEY.
 N is for NORMAN, who is our class clown,
 The people he meets seldom leave with a frown.
 R is for ROBERT, whose last name is WRIGHT,
 At school studies, he puts up no fight.
 S is for SMITH, whose first name is PETE,
 We think, as a brat, he cannot be beat.
 S is for SMITH, whose laugh is quite hearty,
 We wonder how he would act at a class party.
 S is for SYKES, whose dear friend is KENT,
 Upon beating his brains in LOUISE seems intent.
 T is for TREEN, who is a great pest,
 At COOPER he tries most, and maybe the best.
 V is for VANLOON, who gives the girl s a whirl,
 Sometimes he looks as though he is in a twirl.
 W is for WILSON, who laughs with a giggle,
 At sports she has a wonderful wiggle.

So that is the story
 As you can see,
 Of the year fifty-one
 And a class "9-D".

9-E

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

JEANNIE RULD couldn't skate?
 GLORIA BISHOP gained weight and grew?
 HELEN CARTLIDGE had a date with Carman Hamilton?
 MARGARET CHRISTIE didn't visit the second floor so often?
 ELAINE DAVIS didn't own a Ship(ton)?
 JEAN DIXON had a date with Teddy W.?
 ELEANOR FORSTER liked men?
 MADELINE GILLIAN liked oranges instead of lemons?
 SYLVIA HALLOCK went back to Delta?
 VIVIAN HAMILTON knew all the answers before putting
 up her hand?
 JAQUELINE HARKER didn't pay her bill(s)?
 ELEANOR HAWLEY delivered groceries for Milligan's?
 EDITH HEPWORTH went steady with Larry Grayveffel?
 PAT HILL became Mr. Pype's pet?
 SALLY KITCHEN took a "Skip" to Bermuda?
 ROSE MARY LAING wasn't so good at opening lockers?
 JOAN LEIGHTON was true to one man?
 JOANNE LILLICRAPP stopped liking Hazel nuts?
 SANDY LITTLE played on the Senior basketball team?
 MARJORIE MACHELL couldn't go to her church club?
 MYRNA MANN didn't know everyone's combination?
 MARLENE MORTON flunked with honours?
 BEVERLY ORR hated a certain Bill?
 PAR PARK went steady with Jim B.?
 PAT PENFOLD hooked John M.?
 DIANNE ROUSE knew her French?
 MARGARET TAYLOR was promoted to 12-D?
 JOAN and DONNA VANDUZEN were twins?

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CATHERINE WHITE lost weight?
And can't you just imagine our form master, Mr. Styles,
teaching a sewing class, or speech to Margaret and
Sandra?

9-AA

Our MR. REAVELY is a man so tall.
How does he sit in a car so small?
On WILSON's report he wrote "Scatterbrain",
But from what the "Reave" calls him we'll refrain!
Though WESLEY, I'm sure, like radio work
French and Lit, he tries to shirk.
LESLIE MISENER is always trying to be nice
And is always acting like sugar and spice.
ROGERS is a girl who is ever so quiet
Of this the boys would like a steady diet.
In our little bunch, CLARK is the flash;
Always his clothes manage to clash.
SAUMETS and MIKKOR have been over a half and one year;
Both are full of the—let's say cheer;
Both of them are Estonian—
Dandy guys, "Ils sont tres bien."
DOREEN O'NEILL who is the class rep.
And TERRANCE O'FLANAGAN who has lots of pep;
These are the Irish of nine double "A".
But for the Scotch we yell "yippie yi yea";
They're represented by a LAUGHREN called WILLIE
Who in French is extremely silly.
PRESTON BAXTER, with a girl, he can slay her
For you see he is, ah, "de trumpet play'r".
HAZELL'S name to the end we should toss
But, "A rolling stone gathers no Maas!"
There's MARGARET MOULE who has such a brain;
We hope that at Easter it doesn't wane.
Though BEVERLY HOLT at French is a bust
A girl like her in this class is a must.
A senior CANTLON has a lot of sense
But our VERNON is ever so dense.
Though ALLEN MAYBERRY is the shrimp of the class
He manages his say against the mass.
BRUCE HIBBARD takes a giant size shoe
And to grade nine he isn't new.
With her cow Miss BROOKS wins many a prize;
A look at her and that's a surprise.
Then come the CHAN boys, PHILIP and ANDY,
Just good guys, fine and dandy;
They eat at the "Milk Bar" every day;
Must get the money in every which way.
There's DICK EAID who hails from Ancaster town
In nine double "A" he's a man of renown.
MARY WINGFIELD is after some guy
But has not caught him (Preston's shy).
GREG PATTISON always of girls he is thinking
Maybe because his chances are sinking.
Though CAMPBELL is head of the Junior Red Cross;
In the class she is not a definite loss.
MANN SNYDER as a worker's ahead;
At school he has a four day spread.
NEWTON often must think of his girl
For always his head is in a whirl.
ROY PARKE for the office is ambassador
(Say so and he might get sore).
I think that MAAS at math is a mess.
Some get low marks. She gets even less.
BRIAN GIBSON is ever so "big"
Gets any taller and he's called the "rig".
GREGORY always has to leave the room
When he is caught, trouble will loom.
Now WILLIAM HAWKEN, I think is handsome
(Now Bill is that enough of a ransom?)
I think LIZ BATTRAM is quite a talker;
Probably end up a carnival hawker.
JACK GIBSON seems to be the quietest chap;
One day is the next will never overlap.
Then there is AL ORR who has just moved
Though one of the girls strongly disapproved.
And EASTERBROOK, at a knock, will answer the door.
You'll explain it all and she'll ask for more.
DAVE PETERS is the stand-by of our bunch.
On some tid-bit he likes to munch.
"J" is for JENKINS, also for jerk.
They don't go together when around he does lurk.
Last but not least is a VARDEN named JUNE,

Been popular with all for many a moon.
Mcst of these saying are not truthless.
(I hope in no case I've been over ruthless)
For all I expect to be forgiven
Either that, or from this town be driven.

9-BB

SHIRLEY GOOLBAR is pretty Alluring, eh!
SOLLY MILGROM thinks he's God's gift to women.
CHUCK RICHARDSON seems to have acquired quite a taste
for red hair.
BILL WILCOX is certainly a quiet soul. Could it be a secret
love???

SANDRA THEAKER seems to be quite FRANK!
BEVERLEY FERNS eyes seem to be BOBBING in and out.
BRIAN HENNEN is Miss Fyle's favourite PEST.
IZZY SNYDER'S favourite pastime, doorman for 9-BB.
ALAN KUDLATIS is the man (pardon the expression) you can
hit in the arm and he feels it in his foot.
JOHN MYERS seems to like IRISH girls, wonder why?
MIKE BYRNES was the ex "Bob Hope" of 9-BB.
VOLGA POPRICK probably never will be able to see eye to
eye with Mr. Devitt.
MIKE HOWE'S favourite saying: We'll wait till it's published.
DOUG SAYNOR always gets SANDRA in his eyes!
BILL MCVEAN lives a quiet life, no girls, and no smoking.
He's glad it's not true, eh?
AVIS ANNE CROSSAN is "Bobbysoxer" of 9-BB.
SHEILA McCLAREN'S favourite pastime, mixing up Miss Hart.
JILL SPAKMAN is trying to cut down her lates to two a week.
SANDRA SHAW makes us wonder if her attraction in 10-D is
him, Tom, Dick, or Harry.
JUNE WELDON makes us wonder if she could outtalk Izzy.
VIRGINIA PARTINGTON'S favourite pastime, nursing flowers
back to health.
ERSUKO WATANABE will probably join the 20 year club.
AUDREY MILES is always walking "miles" to get home.
JOAN FRAZER is the girl we'd like to see wearing SHORTS.
FRANCES FORSTER is getting interested in coal lately! Wonder
why??
JOHN WASHINGTON is the nicest guy in the class.
BOB ROBINSON makes us wonder how he gets his girls.
DICK FIFER will probably MARY YOUNG.
GIBSON INKSETTER will probably graduate at 16.
BILL TURCOTTE is turning into a Don Juan.
BARBRA WHITAM will probably take her place on the West-
dale school staff.
JUST IMAGINE—
SHIRLEY GOOLBAR with GIRLS.
SOLLY MILGROM leaving the girls alone.
JEAN McCARTER not BOBBING around the (Fort).
CHUCK RICHARDSON without that laugh.
SANDRA THEAKER having her homework done, just once!
BILL WILCOX doing his French perfectly.
BEVERLEY FERNS going steady??
BRIAN HENNEN keeping quiet in Business Practice.
IZZY SNYDER not laughing or smiling.
ALAN KUDLATIS playing professional basketball.
JOHN MYERS being a track star.
MIKE BYRNES winning a scholarship in Washington.
VOLGA POPRICK giving the boys a chance.
BILL MCVEAN doing his homework.
MIKE HOWE "without those brains"!
DOUG SAYNOR keeping out of trouble.
AVIS ANNE CROSSAN in "love".
SHEILA McCLAREN making Mr. Le Roy happy.
JILL SPAKMAN not talking to anyone.
SANDRA SHAW disliking JIM period.
JUNE WELDON with her homework done.
VIRGINIA PARTINGTON without her homework done.
ETSUKO WATANABE failing!
AUDREY MILES in bad mood.
JOAN FRAZER marrying a six-footer.
FRANCES FORSTER disliking boys.
JOHN WASHINGTON becoming president of the U.S.A.
BOB ROBINSON not making wise cracks.
DICK FIFER being friendly with the teachers.
GIBSON INKSETTER causing any trouble.
BILL TURCOTTE getting a mark below 70.
BARBRA WHITAM not laughing.
A MATH PERIOD without any gum fines!
A FRENCH PERIOD with everyone having his home-work
done.



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20 YEARS FROM NOW—

SOLLY MILGROM: A retired bachelor with a harem.

MIKE BYRNES: Graduating from Georgetown Prep.

JILL SPAKMAN: Teaching Mr. McCord art.

SANDRA SHAW: World's Champion Basketball Player.

GIBSON INKSETTER: World's fastest man typist.

DICK FIFER: Chauffeuring Miss Kerr around.

CHUCK RICHARDSON: Ushered at the Granada.

DOUG SAYNOR: "Still trying to graduate."

BRIAN HENNEN: Grease monkey at Westdale's Machine Shop.

BILL WILCOX: Married with 10 children.

BILL McVERN: Owner of "Paddy Greene's".

MIKE HOWE: Ski instructor at Chedoke.

SHIRLEY GOBLAR: Selling oranges every Saturday at her father's store.

JEAN McCARTER: Retired, living quietly at her home at Websters.

VOLGA POPRICK: Making trips to Washington to see an ex-student of 9-B.

ETSUKO WATANABE: Dean of McMaster.

AUDREY MILES: Still singing "All I want for Christmas is my one front tooth."

BEVERLEY FERNS: Housekeeper for misplaced persons.

FRANCES FORSTER: Still buying "Myer's Coal!"

9-F

JUST IMAGINNE—

BARBARA BAKER having her Science notes up to date.

THOMAS BALDOCK having a girl-friend.

ANNIE BENNO not talking about Stevie.

BRUCE BOOTLAND shrinking away to six feet.

ROBERT BOLTON not cracking jokes in Jr. Business.

MARX BROWN not thinking he's Romeo.

LILLIAN COULSON without boys at her locker.

ROSS COZENS failing in a subject.

JOAN DASHPER growing "tall."

PATSY DONAVAN having straight hair.

DON DUSHNA causing a disturbance.

FREELAND ELLIS with jet black hair.

CHARLES FARRAUTO getting along with a certain teacher.

CORRINNE FICK graduating from Westdale.

SHIRLEY GOWER wearing make-up.

DANNY GRANGE not mumbling to himself in Math.

MARIAN GRIFFIN not giggling over nothing.

AUDREY HAMMEL standing still in P.T.

JACK HINKS getting on the football team next year.

NORMA JOHNSON posing for Esquire.

RICHARD LEON not cracking jokes.

ROBERT MARSON telling a joke that's actually funny.

JEANNETTE McDONALD sticking to her diet.

ELSIE MIAZZA going on a date without her sister.

JEAN MITCHELL being really mad at Roy.

CLIFF MORDEN without his little black book.

VERNA MOORE without bangs over her eyes.

BARBARA MORGAN passing a Lit. exam.

TED MORRIS with a dirty face.

IRENE NICOLL taking a trip back to China.

GERALD O'REILLY not being Irish.

ANN PETITT passing with first class honors.

PHYLLIS REYNOLDS without those eyelashes.

SHIRLEY SHARP not chewing gum.

WALTER WILLISON fading away to a ton.

MR. CAMPBELL without his blackboard stick.

9-G

If you catch any girls in 9-G daydreaming, here is what they are probably dreaming of—

IANICE LOVE: Singing the lead in "South Pacific."

CAROL MACRAE: Dancing ____?

SHIRLEY MAWHINNEY ____?

ANNE MATHEWS: Wondering if she will be recommended.

MARJ. McDERMOTT: Ye Olde Englande.

MARJ. NUELL: Trying to imagine herself as a headhead.

DOT OLIFERCHUCK: Wondering if she will get 100%
or 99% on her next exam.

MARY RAFFAY: Saturday night.

BARB REECHIA: George?

MARY SHABLUK: Glenn Ford.

AUDREY YOUNG: The summer holidays.

MARY YOUNG: Wishing to be 21.

PET SAYINGS—

HELEN McALONEY: "Sh!"

MARILYN TWEEDE: "Uh!"

RUTH VAN WILLIGAN: "Does anyone have a pencil?"

NAN WEBSTER: "Who?"
SHIRLEY FAULKNER: "Do you have your history done?"
BETTY FREEBORN: "No!"
JOAN PEACE: "What happened?"
LILLIAN PAISLEY: "Of course."
CLAUDETTE ADAMS: "Oh, Goody, he's short!"
FLORA BACCEGA: "I like gum."
CHARION BAIR: "Give me one of those, Mama!"
CLAUDETTE BLAIS: "Goes to the parties when he's there."
JOHNNIE BUILDER: "Hopes a certain guy asks her to the dance."
GEORGINA DEVIER: "Which is it—Cathedral or Westdale?"
SYLVIA ELZINGA: "Get a load of that!"
BARBARA ENSKAT: "I'm here."
BERNICE ENSKAT: "Cathedral is a nice school."
JUNE FIDDLER: "Crazy over Football stars, especially two."
HELEN FINLAY: "Think she's in a fog on a frosty night."
JOAN FOSS: "Joan of Arc's double."
VALLEE GERENCSEER: "I love the boys, but what are you?"
JUNE GIBBS: "I'll get my man."
NITA GIBSON: "Whose for me?"
MARILYN HALL: "I like to talk about something interesting."
WILMA HAPPEL: "I like my swords."
DOREEN LIBERTY: "Likes to go with any guy who's nice."

9-H

JUST IMAGINE—

BEVERLEY ALLEN enjoying Geography lessons.
BERYL APPEL forgetting the Charleston.
PAULINE BAILEY riding home on the bus.
JOAN BASTIN breaking off with "Chick".
BEVERLEY BOTTON not chewing gum.
MURIEL BROOMFIELD with a low mark in Penmanship.
SHIRLEY BUTTERWORTH not talking about a certain party named Dick.
JUNE CORMIER—Is she sitting on a feather?
SHIRLEY CUMMINS not scoring a point in basketball.
DOROTHY DAVIDSON with a straight hair.
NORMA GANGE getting a high mark in ANYTHING!
MAXINE GELLING without her "Frankie Boy" saying.
DONNA LEE GROAT not walking daisy-eyed down the hall, dreaming about a certain "Stevie-Boy."
JOAN HARDING not looking for a certain boy named Bob in Class 10-F.
IRIS HAURELAK not walking accidentally past a locker on the first floor. (How's luck, Iris?)
DOROTHY HUNTER talking in class.
EDITH JAGGARD not doing her homework.
MARY KABAS going to any dance with a boy.
HELEN KONIK failing this year.
BEVERLEY LOCKHART without the name "Chuck" all over her books.
SHIRLEY MITERLLA not being the "Worry Bug" of 1951.
GRACE OLYNTYK without a mirror in her locker.
JOAN ORR not talking about a certain boy named Tom.
MARILYN PERKINS answering a question correctly in typing.
MARIE RANKIN wearing make-up.
PHYLLIS ROWLANDS not talking about Paul all the time.
RUBY SCHULER not giggling.
PAT SHINGLEDER facing the front of the room.
INA SMITH without her whispering voice.
KATHELINE SMITH not getting the same answers in Math as the rest at the table do.
JANET SPINO without "Art" at her locker.
LOIS STARR going on a date with a certain boy named Gord.
LORNA VAN EXAN staying in the room for one WHOLE period.
JOYCE WHITEHOUSE at school once in a while.
PATRICIA YAGUCHI not glamorizing herself.

9-J

Our MISS SMITH gives us spelling,
And also heck when we are yelling.
Imagine NORMA BONDY talking so the class can hear,
Even when they are ever so near!
CAROL BOLSTER did go with "you know who,"
And boy was he ever a "schmoo".
MARIE BOUCHER is kinda cute.
Would you like to see her in a bathing suit?
MARION BUNTON, our great athlete,
Is kinda slow on her little flat feet.

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12 JOHN STREET NORTH

NANCY BURROUGH is a scream
And is always on the beam.
ANN CAMPBELL, our quiet little miss,
Is away is hardly missed;
But at sweet sixteen I think she'll be kissed.
CAROL CURAN thinks she's tough
And shows the teachers she knows her stuff.
BARBARA CLARKE is a blonde
And often goes swimming at the pond.
ADRIANNE DAY, our little mouse,
Is on the lookout for spouse.
AUSMA DEMIDOVIS, our cunning miss,
Sure isn't bashful to give you a kiss, (A candy one that is).
JEAN EDINGTON, our dear friend,
Whatever is hers she willing to lend.
CAROL FUGLESTEAD tries so hard
To sing a song, but it comes out hard.
DONNA FUGLESTEAD, our cute little sprite,
Her mother won't let her stay out all night.
MARY GORDON'S eyes are bright,
And shine even on a very dark night.
PAT HENTIG who always sniffs,
Never carries a handkerchief.
HILARY GREEN comes from Wales,
And seldom tells us funny tales.
ARLENE HOWES, our little screwball,
In the gym does always fall.
SHIRLEY GRAHAM doesn't need a "rayve"
Because her hair has plenty of wave.
BARBARA HUNTER is always sick
Because she swallowed a large toothpick.
ELEANORE JOHNSTON has a whim
About a guy whose name is Jim.
DOREEN LINTON is a bright lass,
And is the smartest in the class.
GAYLE MURDOCK, our excuse queen,
In the classroom is never seen.
HELEN NELSON is kinda quiet,
But she can really cause a riot.
MARGARET NICHOLSON is no quirt,
But is a regular little flirt.
IRENE ORR is no pill,
And really goes after a guy called Will.
PAT PATTINSON, our class rep,
In the class has too much pep.
AUDREY PRINCE is no dumb mute,
She's got a guy who is really cute.
BEVERLEY REVILL, our little scamp,
When it comes to typing she is our champ.
HELEN SAKALA is a bashful miss,
But you should see the way she does kiss.
ISA SNEDDEN, our singing queen,
On television should never be seen.
DOREEN STUART is rather tall,
And would make a good guard in basketball.
ALICE SYROISHKO is always on the go.
I wonder who is her favourite beau?
JEAN THOMPSON is quite fond
Of a guy whom she calls Ron.
BARBARA WERNER, our little Dove,
In the spring will be in love.
SHEILA WILLIAMSON cannot eat
Because of a guy called Pete.
MARGARET YANK would like to spank,
Our typing teacher, whose first name's Frank.

9-T

"WE WONDER IF"—
JOHN ANDERSON (Andy) will ever fall into Eleanor's
clutches.
JIM BOYD (Hopalong) will follow in the footsteps of Hopa-
long Cassidy.
JOANNE BROWN (Jo-Jo) is destined to act on the stage.
GEORGE CHRISTENSON (Humphrey) will get over Elsie.
(Time is a wonderful healer, George!)
BRENDA CROFT (Bennie) will ever get her man.
JANE EAD (Peaches) enjoys her vacation at Fort Elgin.
MINNO ELZINGA (Lover) will ever stop flirting with R.W.
and S.Z.
FRANK FUKUMOTO (Fuka) has his heart set on Patsy
Yaguchi of 9-H.
JOSEPH GODZISZ (Curly) got a Toni or just puts his hair
up in pin curls.
JOYE GREATHERD (Joey) will still be going with Art in
1955.

TERRY HOWELL (Terisa) is the cause of Jane's locker trouble.
ELANOR LEITH (Elly) is interested in Cleve or Terry.
Which is it, Eleanor?
ROSS LINDSAY'S (Star) greatest love is hockey or Margaret.
CATHERINE MOORE (Kit) will ever go steady.
RALPH REYNOLDS (Ramsay) will ever drive Shirley C.,
Rose W., and Joye G. home in the new Meteor.
CLIVE SAGROTT (Lover-Boy) and Eleanor prefer to sit in
the back row of the movies.
BETTY SHAVER (Cupie) likes to go out with Chuck.
CATHERINE VANDERSWAG (Glamorous) still considers
Louie her heart-throb.
ROSE WEINGARTNER (Cutie) will succumb to the attention
of her many male admirers.
SALLY ZAHARIE (Shortie) is destined to reach the five
feet mark.

9-T2

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW—

Where will we find MARGARET,
In the kitchen cooking stews,
Or on the corner socking Mathews?
PATRICIA on her skates so fleet
Wishes she could skate on her feet
Instead of on her seat;
BEULAH and her ambition,
Will be teaching English on a commission.
BETSY, our little Betsy, who does all things right,
We wonder if she will always be quite so right.
You can teach us any subject
When the wind is blowing gales,
But don't teach us cooking
Without MISS DALES.

9-U

GERALDINE H.—Pet saying—"This here."
JACQUELYN C. trying to be the World's Champion Figure Skater.
DIANNA V.—Our form gal.
JIM C.—Will die with his boots on.
JOAN F.—Takes the length of the hall in one stride.
JIM H.—Always has Gerry's Math (I wonder why).
RON MARK—What he won't do Ron Markle will.
EDDY P.—Trying to be Fred Astaire.
NEIL H.—You never can tell.
WALTER S.—Keeps everything under lock and key.
FRED N.—Has a roarin' eye.
RON M.—Tries to keep out of Miss Hamilton's way.
PETER McWILL—Will fly to the moon in a jet propelled car some day.

9-V

JUST IMAGINE—

EDITH going with G. G.
PAT H. not talking and reading comics in Science.
RUTH passing in Math.
EVELYN going to a show with a boy.
MARGORY failing in History.
BARB not going steady.
PAT S. being able to look down at Miss Gilchrist.

9-X

PASTIMES—

AMBRIDGE (Salamie)—Playing hookey.
ANDERSON (Sailor Boy)—Sailing on the Bay.
ARNONE (Rocket)—Learning about girls.
ARMSTRONG (Bezer)—Borrowing homework.
ARNOLD (Ray)—Eating.
BISHOP (Bish)—Fighting the big guys.
BENNETT (Touch Down)—Watching television.
COOPER (Killer)—Playing soldiers.
CALLURA (Little Joe)—Playing fighter.
COY (Bugle Boy)—Janet (9-H).
CROFT (Crofty)—Girls.
CULBERT (Ed)—Introducing boys to his sister.
DAY (Rich)—Playing in Westdale's bugle band.
DEAN (Brain)—Getting 90%.
ENGLISH, J. (James)—Lending notes.
ENGLISH, W. (Greasy)—Putting grease on his hair.
FERGUSON, J. (Long John)—Chewing gum.
FERGUSON, D. (Fergie)—Making up excuses for not doing homework.
FITZIMMONS (Fitzie)—Shooting pool with Harv.
JOHNSTON (Star)—Getting 100% in Math.
JONES (Special Delivery)—Playing the pin ball machine.
GIAMMICCHILI (Curly)—Getting on teachers' nerves.

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 HARTMAN (Spizz)—Girls!!
 HARVEY (Harv.)—Shooting pool with Fitzie.
 MURPHY (Murf)—Telling stories.
 MIMMS (Rep)—Flattering the girls.
 RALPH (Jock)—Getting to school one minute to nine.
 SAMEK (Sam)—Combing his hair.
 TODEREL (Terror)—Teaching Arnone about girls.
 TRATCH (Sleepy)—Coming to school twice a year.
 VALVASORI (Val)—Chasing the girls.
 WARD (Auto Brain)—Telling how to pull a car apart.
 BOWERS (Pale Face)—Supporting Paddy Greenes.
 MR. DAVIES (Teacher)—Being good to the fellows.

9-Z1

20 YEARS FROM NOW—

B. BEATON—Teaching Science at McMaster.
 F. BRISTOL—Twisting pretzels.
 F. BRODICK—Trying his upper school Lit.
 G. BUCHAN—Going on a diet.
 D. BUCKINGHAM—Creating new styles for pants.
 T. FETTER—Still trying to make Jr. ruby.
 W. FLACK—Singing with Gabby Hayes.
 C. FOSTER—Still dreaming of having a farm.
 K. GUNBY Mr. Davies' bugle sergeant.
 L. HART—Experimenting with a new wave set.
 M. HUGILL—Member of Spike Jones' Band.
 N. KEWLEY—Trium! Officer.
 J. LAKE—Trying out for the Maple Leafs.
 D. LEE—Piano puncher for Mr. McLeish.
 E. MASKELL—Taking Walt Disney's place.
 H. MOFFAT—Writing stories for the Spectator.
 R. ORTH—Receiving a Math. Scholarship.
 H. STEVENSON—Playing games with R.O. and C. F.
 D. WARD—Sweeping floors at Westdale.
 J. HENDERSON—Mr. McKnight's chauffeur.

9-Z2

20 YEARS FROM NOW—

H. ERZEECKI—Posing for Charles Atlas.
 K. BOHILL—Manager at Westdale Lanes.
 R. DAY—Office boy for Col. McQueen.
 G. DAVIDSON—Head usher at the "Kenmore."
 J. HUNTER—Office boy at Westinghouse.
 B. OWEN—The mountain "shark".
 B. KILLINS—Designing airplanes.
 K. KRUG—Taking over Westdale Juniors.
 D. PHILLIPS—Still learning to shave.
 E. PORTIER—Playing flute in the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.
 W. PUSKAS—Selling Spec's at King and James.
 AL. ROBINSON—Major Allan's track star.
 L. ROGERS—Dishwasher at Cal's.
 D. RUTHERFORD—Head of the Navy.
 J. TUCK—Trying his final History Exam.
 M. URQUHART—Still paying half fare on the street cars.
 J. QUIN—Playing bag-pipes with the Argylls.
 F. WILK—Picking cotton.
 D. WILLIS—Passing his Navy medical exam.
 H. WINDSOR—Making up berths on trains.

10-A

THEME SONGS—

MR. PYPE My Old Flame (match and hydrogen).
 ALAN M.—I'll Never Be the Same (after this).
 ASHA, W.—Andy, My Boy, On Andy, My Boy.
 AUDREY H.—Can't Help Lovin' That Man of Mine (Jim).
 BETTY S.—I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair.
 CHRIS L.—Baby Face.
 CORRINE B.—Miss You (Carl).
 DOUG S.—Gootus.
 EVELYN G.—Where Are You?
 GREG H.—1000 Violins.
 GUY E.—You Go To Our Heads.
 HALLEY ANNE M.—There's No Business Like Show Business.
 HARRIET D.—The Red Head.
 HORRACE S.—Busy Doing Nothing.
 ILZA B.—You Don't Have To Know the Language.
 JANET B.—It Happens Every Spring.
 JOAN R.—Music Maestro Please.
 JULIA C.—Who Wouldn't Love You?
 LENORE I.—No Other Love (Marc).
 MARY DAWN W.—That Wonderful Guy.
 MARY R.—Chew Chew Chew Chew Chewing Gum.

PAT B.—What Is This Thing Called Love?

PAT G.—I've Got a Crush on You??
 PHIL H.—In the Mood (Which one?)
 PHIL S.—The Third Man.
 ROCHELLE S.—Daddy's Little Girl (Butch).
 TOM M.—High on the List (99%).
 TONY M.—Ain't We Crazy?
 ZAIGA G.—Just Teasin'.

10-A, we hear is a well liked class.
 The teachers all think our heads are of brass,
 From Monday to Friday we're all in a dither
 And if we have brains, they must have gone thither.
 Our nerve is a fact of greatest renown,
 And we have been known to get teachers down,
 We're daring and witty, a noisy young bunch
 The room's never quiet till we leave for lunch.
 And as you know we're always at play
 Although we are scolded nearly each day,
 We think we'll all pass with the highest of marks,
 But in the end, we'll be sweepers of parks.
 We're usually prepared with our work and our stuff
 Yet we are experts at faking a bluff,
 The week-end's the time, that all favour most,
 Especially Friday night when there's always a host.
 In spite of the facts that are written here
 We're always helpful and ready to cheer,
 We never neglect our duties and cares,
 Yet over our troubles, spring many grey hairs.

10-B

HOME ECONOMICS GROUP

We have some girls who are always blowing
 About their wonderful cooking and sewing.
 There's BARB the girl who's always talking
 And she turns out some shocking smocking.
 Then there's our wee JOEYCE BELL
 The clothes she makes look just like a Paris fashion.
 Then SHIRLEY who in the sewing room
 Charlestons with Miss Kirby's broom.
 And LIZZY JONES who sure can hustle
 You should hear her dresses Russell.
 Then RUTH JOHNSON whose red face beams
 When she sits and sews her seams.
 You should hear the "Ahs" and "Ohs"
 When David mends our EILLEEN'S hose.
 PAT MILLER tells us "DON'T lose pins,
 They should be kept in little tins."
 Then our SHIRLEY SKINNER who eats little dinner,
 So she will get thinner and someone will win her.
 We know a girl named DOROTHY.
 Meat Patties are her specialty.
 When BETTY ROLLS cuts her sticky dough,
 The other girls see it and cry "Oh, no!"
 And when we eat food cooked up by KAIN,
 We fear that we will die of pain.
 When JOYCE BROWN tries to cook our lunch,
 Poison's in it we've a hunch.
 When cakes are baked by RUTH JILLARD,
 They come out very flat and hard.
 And when meat is cooked by EDMONDSTONE,
 The only thing edible is the bone.
 Now SHEILA spends time making jam
 But would rather be making time with Cam.
 Then of course there's MADELEINE
 The taste of her cookies drives you insane.
 And then there is our ARLENE FRENCH
 Who rolls the pastry with a bench.

BOY'S SHOPS—

DAVID ROGERS wants to be Prime Minister, but will probably be janitor for Louis St. Laurent.
 JOHN HUXLEY wants to be playing hockey for Detroit, but will probably be selling peanuts in Detroit Olympia.
 NORM JOWETT wants to be Lightweight champ of the world, but will probably be Flea-weight Champ of Ancaster.
 ROBERT SHARP wants to be a cut-stone draftsman, but will probably be breaking rocks in Kingston.
 BRUCE SHERWOOD wants to be playing for Tiger-Cats, but will probably be playing checkers with "Walter."
 DON HILL wants to be another Jose Iturbi, but will probably be playing in Auditorium for Junior Assembly.
 BOB CALDER wants to be a Scientific Farmer, but will probably be the inventor of a left-handed hoe.

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JAMES FISH wants to be a professional photographer, but will probably be a photographer for the Hamilton Review.
 FRANK MANCINI wants to be another Phil Rizzuto, but will probably be Bat Boy for Slaters.
 JOHN BELL wants to play for Bradley College, but will probably play for Westdale Cycle.
 DOUG GIBSON wants to win the Diamond Sculls in England, but will probably be paddling a canoe on the Marsh.

DEVOTED ARTISTS

In 10-B we have a few
 Who like to paint, yes, they sure do.
 They slap the paint o'er quite yardage
 And when they're through it looks like garbage.
 There's RON who paints with his eyes closed tight
 And splashes the paint on with all his might.
 He then holds his work before his eyes
 And shouts with glee "My what a surprise!"
 I thought I was painting a pair of drapes,
 But it looks more like a bowl of grapes.
 Then there's JERRY who paints abstracts,
 But I who peeked will give you the facts.
 When the teacher says to please draw squirrels,
 JERRY sits silently drawing girls.
 Then we have HOWARD who sure does grand
 Playing in the Gravel and Sand.
 But she says in a voice quite faint
 "I would rather sit and paint".
 Then there's MARY whose lucky day
 Was when she met a boy named Ray.
 But one day she said to me,
 "I'd rather sit and paint a tree".
 We have a JERNIUS, RANKIN'S her name,
 By drawing pictures she won her fame.
 As the worst paper-waster the world has known,
 This her drawings have clearly shown.
 We think we're a wonderful class you know,
 I wonder if MR. ALLAN thinks so.
 When we enter the class, he looks so sad,
 I'm sure it isn't because we're bad.
 We're little angels, he knows that,
 So why does he carry a baseball bat?

10-C

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

Why ELIZABETH EATON likes brown and white checks?
 Why KATHERINE CLUCRS likes Delta Colts?
 Why ANDY HUNTER is always around Mr. Pype's room?
 What MR. DEVITT knows about MARGARET REID?
 Who those mitts JOAN MAYBURY is knitting are for?
 Something about LEIBA BEUBE'S mysterious letters?
 When DON REID is getting his new TV set?
 Which twin got the BOB (SONES)?
 Why MARY LEE always has a sore throat?

FAVOURITE SAYINGS—

MARYNA SMITH—I like them all.
 LOIS HOUSLANDER—Homework is MEARLY nothing.
 HELEN DENCKERT—Give me ALI or nothing.
 MAC FRASER—How about that!
 MARION CLEGHORN—Let's not get too FRANK.
 DOREEN SHAPIRO—Isn't life slyly hiLARRYous!
 JUNE BORMAN—I just love TEDDY bears.
 ELAINE ROSS—When will I get to school before the DINGLE?

COMMENTS—

JIM MORRIS—Another Morris.
 PETER HILL—Our Math. wizard.
 TOM SMITH—T.D.H. (Tall, dark and handsome).
 IRVIN SHUKOVITSKY—Oh, Frankie (swoon).
 JACK McDERMOTT—Our pool expert.
 PETE NELSON—Favourite subject Algebra.
 PAT HARE—Our mariner.
 JIM SMITH—N.C. (no comment).
 JOE FAHLENBOCK—Oh! That waistline!
 BOB McFADGEN—MR. SCHER'S star pupil.
 ALAN DINGLE—Our basketball star.
 DON HARPER—The Brain.

THEME SONGS—

MARIA COLOTEL—Home Cookin'.
 GORDON CLUFF—Valencia.
 JESSIE BORDEN—She Had a Dark and a Roving Eye.
 PAUL GILLAN—I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles.
 ROSS MORRIS—Sweet Mystery.

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and

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DAVID SHERIDAIN—Nevertheless.
ROGER JONES—The Thing.
JACK HAYGARTH—Dreamer's Holiday.
BILL MATSUI—Whispering.

10-D

GIRLS:

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

MARILYN ANDERSON finally got B.B. (Bugs Bunny)?
MARGIE BAKER fell in love? (What a fall).
HELEN BARRIE was a famous model at "Antoinette"?
MARG EMBLETON lost her comb?
MERLE HOUGHTLING gave Walter a chance? (Wow).
GAIL COLLINS lost weight?
SHIRLEY DAUBREVILLE became friends with Margie Salter?

(Murder).

GLADYS DAVIDSON passed in Math?

JEANNE FLUKNOR sang in Auditorium? (Riot).

AUDREY DOVEIKO dated Al Irwin?

MARY FIRTH stepped into a strapless?

JOANNE ROSS went steady with a fell 6' 3"?

MARG EWING had her hair cut? (Baldy).

BETTY JAMES taught her little "Wold Cubs" to behave?

MARJORIE HALL failed in her "Term" work?

ELEANOR KOSTELL gave the boys a chance?

PHYLLIS McMILLAN became a "Bishop"?

JUNE MEPHAM failed in science?

BOYS—

Character: JACK BARR. Appearance: Athletic.

Hobby: Harmonicas. Future: Sandra Theaker.

Character: BOB BENNETT. Appearance: Muscular.

Hobby: Girls. Future: Butcher.

Character: BRIAN BLASDALE. Appearance: Excellent.

Hobby: Watching. Future: Stock Broker.

Character: WALTER BOYD. Appearance: Wow!

Hobby: Shaking hands. Future: English teacher.

Character: GEORGE CLARKE. Appearance: Sharp.

Hobby: Breathing. Future: Well accomplished.

Character: ED GRESICK. Appearance: Ugh!

Hobby: Gambling. Future: None.

Character: JIM GREY. Appearance: It'll pass.

Hobby: Losing. Future: Palm reader.

Character: GEORGE HAMILTON. Appearance: Squinty.

Hobby: Listening. Future: Marilyn.

Character: AL IRWIN. Appearance: Shifty.

Hobby: Teasing? Future: Policeman.

Character: JOHN HAMILTON. Appearance: Baggy.

Hobby: Laughing. Future: Mortician.

Character: JIM McCRAW. Appearance: Innocent.

Hobby: Latin. Future: Professor.

Character: LYNN MacGILLIVRAY. Appearance: Sophisticated. Hobby: Talking. Future: Butler.

Character: PETE MITCHELL. Appearance: Humm-m-m.

Hobby: Crabbing. Future: Interne.

Character: JERRY KUTTAS. Appearance: Money.

Hobby: Money. Future: Money.

Character: JOHNNY TYSON. Appearance: Tall.

Hobby: Stupidity. Future: Water boy (Girls' Volleyball team).

Character: RON KAY. Appearance: Grade A.

Hobby: B.B. Guns. Future: Foreign Legion.

Character: GEORGE DAVIDSON. Appearance: Tall and thin.

Hobby: Audrey. Future: Audrey.

Character: MR. WARNICK. Appearance: Wonderful.

Hobby: Harmonicas. Future: Principal of Westdale.

10-E

This is the "Epitaph" of a class, you'll agree,
That fully describes the kids of 10-E,
Our Teacher, MISS KERR, really was swell,
But her time with us must have been ——?

First is DOT ALARIE, who wouldn't grow tall,
Here lies BOCCACCIO, who died playing ball,
PETER THE BOJIN, "The Racketeer Boss",
Then IAN CAMPBELL, a Basketball lad,
And NORMA CAMPBELL, with boy did go mad.
Remember JOHN COWAN? to barbers a danger,
There's SONNY CHRISTOPHER, with boys no stranger.
Now here's SHEILA COLLINS, the little "Blonde Lass",
And ROCCO CUPIDO, who behaved like an ——!!!
Then SHIRLEY DAVIES, with Kathy went somewhere,
And there's PAT FULLER, who, for boys did care.

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— COME IN AND SEE US —

The question about HENTIG, "Did JOHN sleep nights?"
Recalling BARB BISHOP, she stood for her rights.
Then was RON HOWELL, the girls' "Ideal Man,"
And now DOT KELLY, who for "Willy" ran.
Remember GAIL KIRKPATRICK? Ronnie's pride and joy,
Then BERNICE LEWIS, whom we thought was coy.
The corpse of DOT LEWIS, went to St. Michael's,
But over George, JUNE LEWIS swooned in cycles.
DON MacMILLAN, drove a Lil' ol' Ford,

And JEAN McDIARMID found the Lost Chord.
JOAN McMURDO, was a Loblaw's Clerk,
Little LIZ WADE, whom we called "Turk".
KATHY MILLAR, seemed to like a Bob,
And smiling RUTH MOORE attracted the mob.
BOB MORTIMER and MYRTLE MINES left us for sure,
Now, LEANNE MURRAY, we tried hard to cure.
Simple and sweet was LOUISE RITCHIE, a brain,
And IVY ROUSELL, the only one sane.
"Teaser," SALERNO, that FRANK, what a guy
Remember GEORGINA? Ken love ever die?
Bequeathed by JEAN SHARP, were boy friends 3.
And FRANK SHIMODA, a pianist he.
A trim little miss, was BEV SPRATT, it's true,
But the smiles CAROLYN TANNER gave Ron were not few!
JUDY THOMAS, a girl with ideas galore,
Recalling KAY TORRENS, she "Don" got poor.
Oh, yes! JIMMY VAN DUZEN, a "skipper" was he,
Then SHIRLEY VAN EXAN, a good pal she.
SUE VANSICKLE, had a laugh that could thrill you,
But now you have read this, IT DIDN'T KILL YOU !!!

10-AA

FAVOURITE SAYINGS—

BOB CANT—When am I going to grow?
BARNEY DANIELS—"Why if it wasn't for me, Westdale
wouldn't win at all!"

KATHRYN DANFORTH—"I just don't understand, Sir."

BOB EYDT—Another Harry James.

JOHNNY HUSSAR—"Me! Score a touchdown?"

ISOBEL HEAVEN—Mr. Heavenly's brain in Geometry.

KATHLEEN JOHNSTONE—"I saw him today."

STEVE LUBY—"Shoulders."

PAT MILLS—"Boy! Did you see that cute guy?"

HELEN MORWICK—Still watching No. 41?

MURRAY NICHOLSON—Le Braine de Francais.

KEN OSBORNE—"Hi, Pat."

MORRIS PATT—He loves the teachers.

SONYA ROSEN—The pianist of 10-AA.

CATHERINE SMITH—One of our Quads.

MARY JANE SMITH—"Wanna hear a joke?"

DON SMITH—"Gimme a smoke, Warren."

WARREN SMITH—"Can I have the car, Pop?"

KATHERINE SCIME—What's the story you use for the pink
late slip?

MARGERY SLATER—Who is the interesting male in 10-C?
ANN SUTHERLAND—Do you like WINTER better than sum-
mer?

PHIL SPICER—The great lover.

ANDY STARKE—"Will I ever be as good as Arthur
Murray?"

MARLENE TAIT—Silent member of 10-AA.

CARL TURKSTRA—"Anybody want to buy some eggs?"

LILY USIK—Flying forward of 10-AA.

GERTRUDE VIPOND—Fitz's twin? ?

HILDA WARREN—Our wit (half? ? ?)

ROSS WHARTON—"Grow up, Williamson."

Ross WILBY—"I'm going to be a 'sweet potato' player for
an orchestra."

BOB WILLIAMSON—"Oh, Isobel."

JIMMY WILSON—"I'll fix up my notebook tonight, Sir."

JOHNNY WINTER—"Have you got my book, Smith?"
(Which Smith?)

MARNIE WOOTTON—"Can Wait come, too?"

PAUL YAMAGUCHI—"Quit bothering me, Smitty."

SHIRLEY YOUNG—The best volleyball player on the Grade
10 All-Star.

FORM MASTER—"Gad, what a gang!?"

10-F

Our Class 10-F is really swell,
No better class in Westdale,
For instance, GERRY WYLIE, a charming lass,

SUE HAYASHIDA the best in the class;
 GLADYS GILLAN, a better typist you'll never find,
 DALIA BERZINS is good and kind,
 At basketball, BETTY OLDFIELD'S star and
 Soon JOE SHUKOV will be gone away far,
 LLOYD ROSS is still borrowing, oh well,
 And Bob Ashbaugh is a 90 Per center that's swell.
 BERNICE LOVERING is the girl with the bright little smile,
 But we hope you stay with us and read on for a while;
 BARBARA HORN still has that Luke in her eye,
 But we cannot imagine and we wonder why
 KATHLEEN FILMORE waits late after school every night?
 MEL SMITH is the joke teller in our class
 And BILL SMITH would be lost without that lad.
 JOE GORTON is a regular at the pool room we know.
 His friend BILL COTTRELL always is ready with "Sir, how'm I
 supposed to know?"

NORM KITNEY is our little singer, you see,
 BILL MURCHIE is as good as a class-mate could be.
 SYLVIA WALKER is looking RICHER these days,
 But we wonder if it really pays
 To worry so about a boy, as our friend MARILYN THOMPSON
 Who jumps for joy when a certain A.T. comes along the halls.
 ROY GREENE with a smile is always seen
 BARRY ROUS a good penman never has been;
 DOT ECKER is tops in the Penmanship class,
 A nicer girl you will never pass.
 PAT ODRUSKI is quite an attractive girl.
 Dear BARBARA PALMER keeps things in a whirl;
 Our friend MARILYN ARMOUR, Hillfield way gazes,
 Her friend PAT ANDERSON has R.M. in all her phrases;
 BOB ULLMAN is a girl crazy lad
 Forever driving MOLLY WAXMAN mad;
 Last but not least is BETTY ORR
 Who always is listening for the strike of four.
 As for Mr. Lillie we all must agree, a finer teacher
 You will never see.
 We have come to the end of the story we tell;
 Now don't you agree that 10-F is swell?

10-G

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW—

NORMA BIGGS—Still asking Bill M. to marry her.
 ROSEMARY CLENDENNAN—First human to ride to the
 moon in a pencil box.
 LOIS COLLYER—A second "Florence Nightingale".
 MARLENE CONROY—Editor of Lonely Hearts Bureau.
 ERLEEN CURRY—Raising little "Ralphies."
 LILY DANYLYK—Billing and cooing over a violin string.
 GLORIA DONALDSON—Playing piano solos with Don J.
 in Yugoslavia.
 LOIS FALKER—Finally decided between Allan and Bruce.
 PAT GODWIN—Married to Chris L.
 CAROLE GORRIE—Soda Jerk in a pop factory.
 IRENE HARKER—Oh! Isn't he adorable? (Dick).
 JEAN HARRISON—Taking out life insurance.
 JACKIE HAWTHORNE—Not going nuts over some character.
 JUNE HAZZARD—President of Women's Knitting Club.
 KAY JOHNSTON—Stepping into a strapless —?
 PAT LAMMOND—Manageress of Palace Theatre.
 VELMA McCLEARY—Just letting a certain person (H.C.)
 kiss her.
 ROSILIE MATTINA—Chief vitaminizer in a pill factory.
 PAT NICHOL—Model, probably driving her husband crazy.
 BARBARA PIKE—Raising little "Frankies."
 BARBARA SHAW—Stan still asking her to marry him.
 BEATRICE STARTKMAN—Head model of Sun Valley, Idaho.
 JOAN VAN FLEET—Teaching her little Girls to use their
 dimples to their advantage.
 MR. LINTON—Not giving half-hour detentions after four.

CLASS THEME

In our class there are 24 girls,
 Some with straight hair, some with curls.
 Some are smart, but most are DUMB,
 The teachers think our BRAINS are numb.
 We all have brains beneath our hair,
 The trouble is, they're cornered there.
 Some day our teachers, we'll surprise,
 Our brains we'll start to EXERCISE.
 Don't get us wrong, our girls are grand,
 To prove this, this is how we stand.
 In volleyball we're NEARLY best,
 Of course we know we're like the rest.

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10-H

JUST IMAGINE—

JEAN ANDERSON—Not demonstrating how to chew gum.
MADELINE BAKER—Not worrying about Bookkeeping.
RUBY FINCH—Not tearing around.
GRACE JARDINE—Not giggling.
DOROTHY JOHNSTON—Not BOBbing around.
BARBARA JOWETT—Not laughing.
BARBARA LE RUEZ—Not being broke.
DOROTHY LUCKMAN—Not going with Dennis.
BETTY McANDREW—Not talking about Keith.
JOAN McBAIN—Not cracking her gum.
HELEN OTROSINNO—Not being on the All-Star teams.
MARILYN THOMAS—Not going steady with Teddy.

FAVOURITE SAYINGS—

BARBARA BOYD—Let's eat.
BARBARA GOWERS—Oh, heck!
FLORENCE HOYLE—I got my Trial Balance right!
MARGARET JACKSON—Holy cow.
THELMA OLTMSTED—It's a bove my head.
CAROLE McDougall—I'm not bugging you either.
JEAN MILLWARD—Gee Whiz!
HELEN UNIAC—You're impossible.

WE WONDER WHY OR WHEN—

JUNE GRANT—Yes, we do wonder.
DARLENE GUSTAFSON—Love for Jack will Peter out?
MARILYN HEWITT—Always goes to Dundas Arena?
ARLENE RODGERS—Doesn't mind babysitting Saturday nights?

10-J

MADELINE A.—She might be sweet but she sure likes "Pete".
ANNIE B.—Imagine "Having lunch without seeing Mike".
ANNIE B.—Our basketball champ, with arms to match.
SONIA B.—Who is still cutting corners with a "stonecutter".
RITA C.—Who still has a crush on a certain Science teacher.
FLORENCE C.—Whose favourite song is "Just My Bill".
NORMA D.—Whose etchings are "on ice".

JEAN F.—Who would shock us if she ever participated in a school activity.

RUTH F.—Who's firm in believing she'll be an old maid.

FREDA G.—Who towers into the height of knowledge.

DIANNE G.—This class' only :Book-worm".

LORETTA H.—Our future "Esther Williams".

PAT K.—Our "Green-eyed bowler".

NORMA L.—Who never fails to make a 1st.

DONNA M.—Smoke gets in her eyes.

LOUISE N.—Who would be happy to roller skate with only "Duffy".

BEVERLY P.—Whose tiny voice is heard through all periods but "Shorthand".

MARY P.—The girl who goes to church instead of doing home-work.

SHIRLEY P.—Who hasn't a History note but gets 80%.

ELEANOR R.—Who never fails to have a new joke to tell.

JUNE R.—"Imagine me passing!"

ANNABELLE R.—Always talking—about Art.

JOAN S.—Who is it, Joan, Andy or Bob?

MARILYN S.—Favourite pastime, drawing teachers' profiles.

GERTURDE S.—She's Scotch, that's why she has a long walk home after a date.

DONNA S.—Does Freddy still like our Irish room rep?

MARGARET W.—The "Roving Kind" who has attended every school in the city.

MR. BOGLE—Who hopes to be our future " Prime Minister," but, PLEASE STOP COLLECTING OUR PENNIES !

10-K

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Wasil did one day

Decide for a reason to be on his way.

He said his good-byes

To all the guys

And left that lonesome Friday.

Monday morning went by

No Wasil—

Munday afternoon went by

No Wasil.

On Tuesday morning he did come

To the surprise of everyone,

Including our Math. philosopher,

The reason Wasil had run.

And now Wasil is again thinking of leaving,

But, no one is believing.

And so the story goes . . .

WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE—

ALDGATE—Stop messing with his hair.

BURKE—Start combing his hair.

FIRTH—Stop bragging about how he beat last night's pin-ball machine.

MATILAND—Stop blushing in the History Class.

SIMONS—Stop coming late once a year.

P.F. CHARD—Stop flirting with the girls of 10-V.

PEIERSON—Finding better excuses for being late.

STEWART—Thinking of something else besides hockey.

TAUSKELA—Not trying to be smarter than the teachers.

VANDERPLOEG—Not imitating a bull-rog.

BUTTENHAM—Start wearing shoes instead of rubbers.

10-L

TEN YEARS FROM NOW—

J. BAYUS—Sweeping our Air Cadet hangars at Mount Hope.

P. BROWN—Counting \$100.00 at Strouds Groceria.

A. CHRISTMAS—Entering in the Indianapolis 500-mile race on his B.S.A.

W. DIMMICK—Being twenty minutes late for work with the same old excuse, "My Essex gave me a little trouble".

J. FITCH—Monopolizing the hair oil business in Dundas.

S. KAWAZOYE—Buying a Model "T" Ford on the installment plan.

L. MAYALL—Still top bowler in "The Pin-boy League" with a 103% average.

B. NICHOLSON—Selling "pencils" not produce on the market.

K. NISHIMURA—Trying to improve a 99.99999% average.

G. PASTOR—Wrestling Big Ben Morgan, Fred Atkins, and Yukon Eric, at the same time in the ring at the Municipal Pool.

R. POTTRUFF—A retired "Cattle Rustler" in Ancaster.

J. RAKUSHI—Blowing a bugle in the Salvation Army.

P. SALERNO—A soesching magnate. Places of business from Vancouver to Halifax.

N. TOLDI—Still trying to find out the difference between a "plough" and a "harrow".

D. TRESHAM—Trying to see "eye to eye" with Miss Spera.

P. VANDERZWAAQ—Handing tools to an apprentice motor mechanic.

10-N

RONALD BISHOP is going to be an oarsman so he will be able to go paddling Madlin home.

CARL DOLL is trying to get away from as much work in Electrical Science as possible.

TOM LENNIE is working harder than ever trying to be editor of the Hamilton News.

CARL MARRASS' ambition is to return to Lower Slobovia.

JACK PATTERSON always tries to be as far away from school as he can by 4 o'clock.

"CHUCK" REICHELD is saving up so he will be the proud owner of a cow barn in Caledonia.

10-R

If 10-R were to write a mystery story using its members for chief characters, this is the probable result:—

BOB COOPER—As the fat muscle man (he's big enough).

VERN CLARKE—As the thin man (he can stand sideways and you can't see him).

LOUIS AGRO—As the private eye (that's all he's got that's private).

RICHARD McEWAN—As the movie star, whom all the girls are swooning for (they're silly, aren't they).

MIKE LUCAS—As the pin ball millionaire (he knows how to crack any case, smashes it).

RAY VILLENEUVE—The bow tie kid (he's a hustler?).

JOHN CORDNER—As the detective who tries to follow the murder without being seen (he's small enough).

Professor BILL LLOYD—Here's the brain behind the pencil. (He would write the story).

But as usual, the class is probably too busy eyeing the girls to do it.

10-T1

TEN YEARS FROM NOW—

BAKER, J.—Mr. Trayes' successor.

BAKER, L.—Watching passing scenery from pool room windows.

BANNERMAN—Washing cars in a gas station.

BRABBS—Coaching basketball at W.S.S.

BRAMLEY—Hunting deer (two-legged "dears").

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BROWN—Keeping Bannerman "out" of trouble.
CHAMBERS—Ushering an usherette down a church aisle.
ELFORD—Not the halfback—not the quarterback—but the
DRAWBACK of the Tiger-Cats.
FARMERY—Knitting his wife a sweater.
GEROUX—Wrestling "Hi Lee" in the main bout.
GREENHOW—Seeing how many days he can stay off
work.
HARMMILL—"Assistant tap-turner" for Tiger-Cats.
HOWELL—Digging graves in a Hamilton cemetery.
JACKSON—Writing obituaries for the Hamilton Spectator.
MANCHUCK—Brother Stan's handy man.
MARTIN—Teaching French at an insane asylum.
MARTINI—Still not acting his age.
McMILLAN—Holding rulers with Jackie.
MCNAIRN—Selling popcorn on T.H. & B. trains.
MENEGRON—Joining "The Lonely Hearts' Club".
PATTERSON—Peddling hard drinks across the border.
SCHAWB—Taking the first rocket to the moon.
MR. STATE—Coaching "The House of David".

10-T2

JUST IMAGINE—

JACKIE not going over to the drugstore at noon.
JOAN getting into the room before the minute bell.
SUSAN speaking so that the person behind her can hear
her.
BEVERLY not going to sewing on Tuesday nights.
PEGGY walking home from the bus stop on Tuesday and
Thursday nights.

THE BOYS OF 10-T3

GILBANK—He's the boy who deals out the Malts.
HARRISON—Who the heck wrote the Missouri Waltz?
HAWKINS—Teaches Geometry to Mr. Styles.
HORSELY—is the lad with those Big Broad Smiles.
HUGHES—The Terror of the Basketball floor.
LEMON—Spends his time near Mr. Styles' door.
LIEBOVITZ—Did you hear the Score?
MCMENEMY—C'mon Seven, Oh! It's a Four.
PARKER—Two Gun Robert, We'd better hide,
PETTITT—Plays all his basketball while offside.
PUSKAS—Bouncer at York A & P.
RAFAY—Plays his Stradivarius out of key.
SIDNEY—That Babe is strictly from Heaven,
SNURE—How about a date at Seven?
SULLIVAN—The best player on Miss Scully's Badminton Team.
THOMPSON—Is the Lad that shoots off all the Steam.
TONN—Tries to improve his Awful Writing,
WALKER—This boy and THOMPSON are always fighting.
WALLWIN—The Baby-Face Killer of 10-T3,
WOOLCOTT—Mr. Partridge sees that he's never Free.
MISS SCULLY—Is the Shepherd of This Lovable Flock,
but she insists on saying, "Don't throw Chalk."

10-U

ELIZABETH CLARKE—Past: Sound artist. Present: Modern artist. Future: Where can that lead a "Normal" person?
GARY BEASLEY—Romeo with no Juliet!

RALPH HAMMEL—What has the class got that he hasn't got,
and where can he get it?

TOM PATTERSON—His aim is to be an artist—we wonder!
TOM TOLIVER—I'll sell you a good second hand sable brush
for five dollars.

FRED WALKER—The only cartoonist in the class.

GORDON WEAVER—How old do you have to be before they
kick you out?

KENNETH RODMELL—A genuine artist.

VIDA SMITH—The only sound artist we've got.

JOHN BUILDER—His only motto "Home, Sweet Home," and
does he stick to it!

10-V

TEN YEARS FROM NOW—

ANGELINE ALTOBELLI—Selling newspapers on the corner
of King and James.

EILEEN BOSTON—Raising little floor walkers.

NANCY CHIAROT—Still answering History questions.

MARJORIE GILLESPIE—Still playing with goats in the sink.

DOREEN DENNIS—Still chewing (gum?).

DOREEN POOK—Can you spare a dime?

ALBINA SAVRNOCHE—Caught her man at last!

LORNA THOMSON—Passing from 10-V with honours.

MARNA SHINBIN—Married to a millionaire.

KENENE TURNER—Still yearning to be a cheer leader for
Westdale.

VERA MYERS—Still trying to arrange a class party.
MISS HUNTER—Babysitting for her former pupils.

10-W

MURRAY BENDER—Future ambition? (unknown).
ROBT. BLACK—10-W's Ichabod Crane.
ALBERT COE—Wants to be a beauty contest judge.
STAN FITZPATRICK—Wants to be a carpenter.
MERVIN McCARTNEY—Comes to school to sleep.
IVAN LANCASTER—Comes to school to fill in time (when he comes).
FRANK NUTTALL—10-W's unclassified humorist.
JACK SAYNOOK—10-W's outdoorsman, (he never comes to school).
DON SOMMERVILLE—Plain old country boy.
SERGE TONIN—Wants one model A, must have three outstanding characteristics—wheels, engine and frame.

11-A

MARIAN A.—She's in Heaven over Ted.
DONNA B.—There are Smiles!
BARBARA B.—Too bad girls don't go to Cathedral High.
JOAN B.—Herbie's Blusher!
KAE C.—Does she Cater to Sam?
LORRY D.—She likes riding around with Jim in a Morris.
ELEANOR F.—Pete Moore? The \$64 question.
JANE F.—The Mighty Moline!
NANCY H.—Mitchell's her Prom now.
MARY F. M.—Is Georgeous George the one?
JANET M.—The "Back Hall Girl".
JUNE M.—Is Johnny the cause of late lunches?
MARG. M.—Mr. Ball's Favourite?!

PAT R.—Like initials attract with Pete Richardson.
RUTH V.—Is she partial to Burlington?
MARION D.—She goes swimming at the quarry with Bob McCrary.

DIANE G.—Why is Gladman always glad?
ANN K.—Who is it now?
EVA L.—Is she partial to Burlington, too?
PAT M.—She gets in fits over Fitz.
ROGER A.—Study, study, and more study!
DON M.—Purely devoted to radio and Hutton.
DON R.—What are the girls like in Dundas, Don?
GAINES F.—Fee's Delight.
CARMEN H.—"Curly".
ROSS I.—Major Allen's chauffeur.
FRANK J.—Miss Dixon is His Pin-up.
GORD M.—Pretty Good at BOSS-ing Well.
JACK S.—The Marshall Plan is having a struggle.
CARL VAN D.—He tries.
AKIRA W.—Mr. Styles' Assistant.
ROSALYN H.—Is Bill the one?
MISS DIXON—Does Miss Dixon share and share alike?!

11-B

10 YEARS FROM NOW—

MR. DEVITT—Still passing around his little glass jug.
MARY B.—Instructor at a kiddies' wading pool.
JOHN F.—"11-B".
JUNE AND JOAN G.—Still trying out for "Toni-Twin" contests.
BERNICE C.—Still treading the halls of Westdale.
DOUG G.—Private tutor for Mr. Damude.
LORINE W.—Nursing Murray's sore feet.
ROLAND R.—Picazzo Slazzazzimo—famous fashion artist.
CAROL V.—Still "joking" sodas at Finkys.
DONNA L.—Still "fiddlin'" around in the orchestra.
RON C.—Gene Crupa's leading competitor.
BOB L.—Flying inter-planetary rockets.
BUTCH R.—First string water-boy for Tiger-Cats.
LIONEL C.—Ski instructor at Cedar Springs.
JOHN M.—Winner of 1961 Olympic 100 yd. dash.
DON W.—Lead Sax player for Guy Lombardo.
CAM D.—Owner of "Duthie's Dandy Dinkys for Toddlin' Tots with Too Many Teeth, Toy Co., Ltd."

WE WONDER—

MYRNA S.—What Myrna does Sunday nights.
GERRY C.—Why the "Don" looks so bright.
FREDDA S.—If Fredda will still be plugging cheers 10 years from now.
BEV. S.—About those discussions Bev gets into in French.
JUDY B.—If New Years was prosperous for Judy.
VIC C.—Well, we just wonder.
RICCI—What the attraction is down at "Tip Tops."
BEV. J.—What Bev's opinion is of world cruises.
PAT C.—What Pat is "Billin'" and cooing about.

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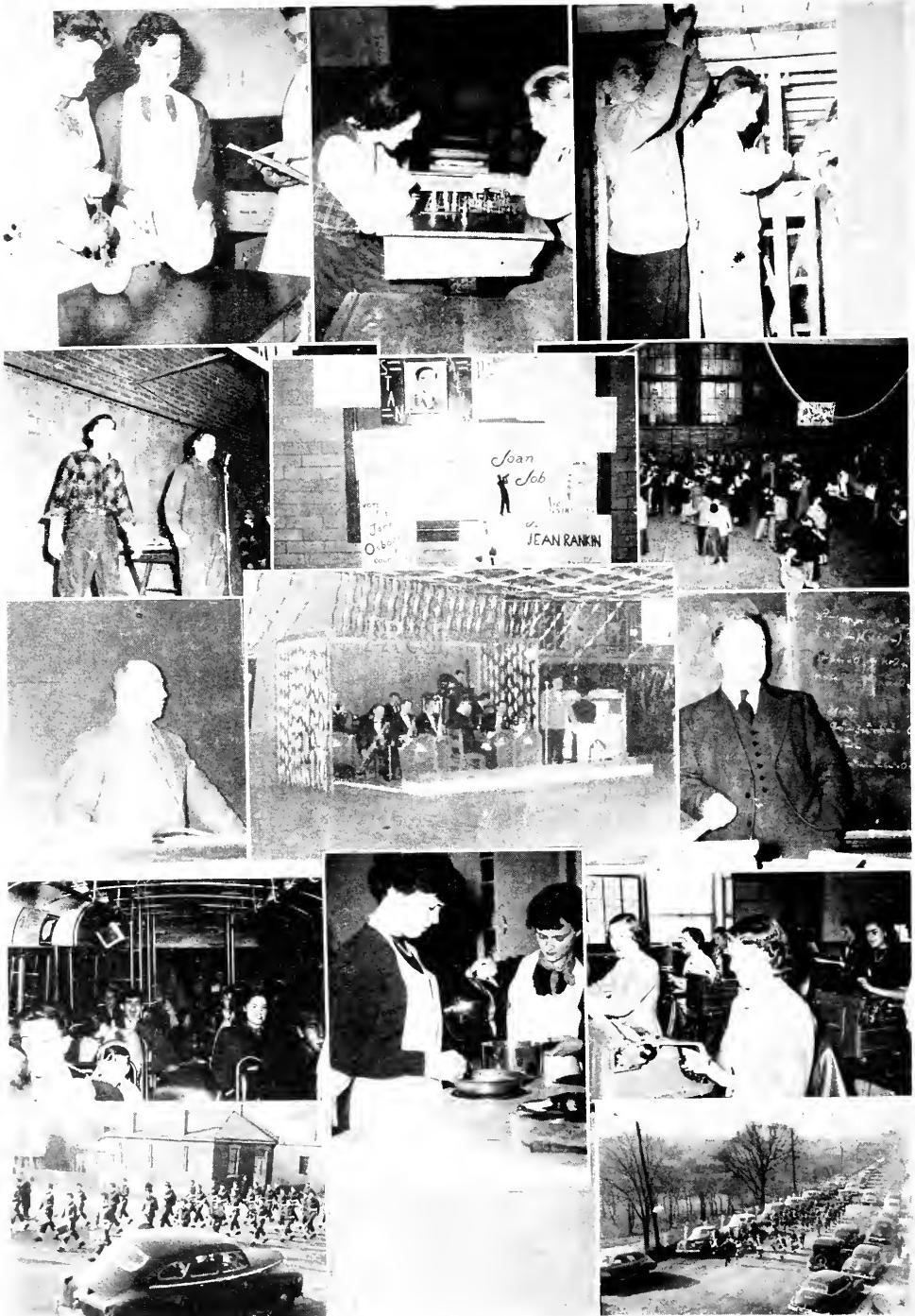
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AUDREY M.—Why Audrey prefers "Sage" to parsley.
LIONEL C.—Why Lionel is so terribly shy.
BARB B.—Why Barb is Toronto-bound every week-end.
JOHN M.—How Moore ever survives a week-end.
BARB B.—Who the "current" is now.
PEGGY M.—What Peggy and Ricci laugh about in History.
GEORGE T.—How George can look Mr. Damude in the eye
for so long.
GRACE H.—If Grace keeps track of her many baskets.
ANNA H.—What the big attraction is in the country.
DOUGLAS G.—Who the babe is down in the States.
MARGO D.—About those notes passed in Study period.
BARB C.—"Cinch"ing brings fond memories to Dave.
AUDREY E.—If any forward ever got past our star guard.
DAVE R.—If Dave's middle name could be "Osburn."
TED S.—How long Ted's heap will stay together.
NORMA M.—If Norma always goes home with seven boys
from a party.
We wonder why Baxter and Beveridge wrote this thing!

11-C

OUTSTANDING CHARACTERS?

We wonder where JERRY LYCETT gets those ties—they look like Dali originals.
BRYAN GILBERT—(Blank by special request).
With a muddled mind like ROSS MOORE'S, he ought to be on T.V.
RICHARD McQUEEN is a lineman, but he's good at passes, too!
AVRUM POLLOCK—a pedantic pupil of Plato.
FRED TAYLOR is 11-C's newest edition—a mathematician from New Brunswick.
DOUG FRID can usually be found trying to hide behind HERB ZIMMERMAN, who is just trying to hide.
Does anybody want to buy some good Scotch? See JOHN PIGOTT.
Will BILL OVERELL take up water-skiing now that there's no snow?
JOHN SULLIVAN'S new address is the Chedoke Golf Club.
DAVE RITCHIE—Brilliant but reticent, a true sign of genius?
PAUL WHITE—Immodest genius of 11-C.

THINGS WED LIKE TO SEE—

HERB ZIMMERMAN—Awake.
RAYMOND HOWE—Growing taller than his cigarettes.
CHUCK ROSART—Not having a Devitt detention.
JIM MCPHERSON—Not singing "Good-night Irene."
DAVE FREEMAN—Reaching the 8' level.
GERALD HUTTON—Failing to do his homework.
REG HUMMELL—Turning anti-social.
WAYNE HOMER—Not helping Hummell pester Raymond Howe.

HAROLD LAZIER—Growing taller than Howe.
TED LOWRIE—Without a water pistol.
MR. SCHER—Getting the best of Herb Zimmerman.

GIRLS

WE WONDER WHY—
MARJ. DOWIE—Wishes the rain would turn to "Hale"?
ALICE DRYNAN—Is always "Dave"-dreaming?
PATTY EVEL—Is "Al"ways warm, even when there's "Frost" around?
MILDRED GUILD—Likes to "Bill" instead of coo?
KATHLEEN GORMAN—Deals at the A. & P.?
RUTH FRYERS—Wants to be bound now and "Link"ed later?
ROBERTA FRYERS—Seems to "Bob" around the halls?
EVELYN SHENKA—"Syme"onizes the piano?
NORMA SHERMAN Is always late. What's the attraction, Norma?
CATHERINE McLAY—Always sees "White" instead of black?
BARBARA THEAKER—Spends so much time in the library?
HELEN PAIKEN—Knows so much "Norman" history?
GWENNIE WILLIAMS—Enjoys being in Mr. Devitt's room so much?
ANNE WOODWARD—Is always "Lloyd"ering on the first floor?

11-D

MISS FITZPATRICK—Our patient, understanding teacher.
MURRAY COLEMAN—Coach of the Girl's Basketball Team.
ELIZABETH BUTTRUM—Throwing things in someone's Kitchen.
BOB BETHUNE—Einstein's understudy.
EDWARD DORKO—Cleaning up courts at Badminton Finals.
ENID HAMPSHIRE—Still Lovering Harry.
BEVERLEY DEVERALL—Chief historian at Westdale.

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MARG. TOWNSON—Still "Doug"ing in her garden.
VERNA JEFFREY—Selling Ever "Sharp" blades.
RODDY FINLAYSON—Replacing Gorgeous George.
VALERIE ROWLANDS—Advertising for Pepsodent.
MEL GOODES—French teacher at Westdale.
JOHN McCALLUM—General manager of Dundas Arena.
AUDREY NYE—Famous story-teller.
JOHN LAMBIER—Parchesi champion at Westdale.
AUDREY SMITH—Rolling her eyes at "D".
LEONARD KNAPP—Quarterback for ??
EILEEN HEAVER—Canada's chief pretzel bender.
JEAN DRONE—Taking pictures of Irving Jr.
MADELINE KELLY—Star of the silent movies.
PAULINE RUMBALL—"Joe"ing steady with A. & P.'s future
president.
GARY COLLINS—Photographer for Rogues Gallery.
GLEN SNIVELY—Sweeping floors at the A. & P.
PETE REYNOLDS—National debating champion.

11-F

JUST IMAGINE—

JOAN BOWSTEAD not arguing with Elaine.
GRACE DORR without Adrienne's help in Bookkeeping.
MARIE FULLER without Johnny.
ELAINE GARNER swooning over Spike Jones.
ADRIENNE GILBERT acting natur' "BL" about a certain guy.
EVELYN GOLD not in a huddle with Helen.
JEAN HILL weighing a hundred pounds (good luck, Jean).
GERTRUDE JANSEN not talking about that trip to Brooklyn
in the summer.
HELEN KATZ not poisoning everyone with cocoanuts.
BEVERLEY KEMPSTER scoring a basket in P.T.
PAT McMILLAN'S shutters being closed during a brain-
storm.
AUDREY NCSS not being in love with the "R.C.A.F."
JANE VAN DER KOOT not being told by a certain teacher,
"That's Penmanship?"
BEATRICE WILSON not referring to a certain guy as, "Isn't
he a Doll?"
ALICE WIRK not saying, "I saw Him."
BEVERLEY GEE catching up in certain subjects.
TED ALDRIDGE paying a compliment to AUDREY.
BRUCE BULLOCK not teaching someone all the rules of
basketball.
WINSTON CHEATLEY'S surprised look on getting 100%
in P.T.
JOHN GREEN being tongue-tied around girls.
JOE LA ROCCA not acting as tarzan in Lit. and pulling
down blinds.
MURRAY MCKINNELL the SPEEDSTER of the typewriter.
JOHN RAYNOR (small-fry Nolan) being 4 feet tall.
JIMMIE SAVATTIERE getting the point across to Mr. Linton.
MR. BARCLAY giving 11-F a spare in Shorthand.

11-G

JUST IMAGINE—
IRENE and VICKI selling lemonade on King Street.
JOYE not tackling number 51.
MARILYN seeing eye to eye with Miss Whitham.
PAT B. discussing her love-life.
NORMA weighing 210.
JOAN exercising in the halls of Westdale.
BARB C. not talking about Sid.
ROSS not leaning on BARB F.'s locker.
MARY G. being another Einstein.
LAURA'S Doug being a body and fender man.
BEV. G. in a whirl over D.
MICH moving to Toronto because of Ted.
NANCY doing the Charleston.
ARLEEN H. being Euclid II.
FRANCES and DOREEN J. looking for ice for two hours,
then falling in.
ARLENE L. agreeing with Mr. Devitt.
LOIS not combing her hair in class.
MARIE future watergirl for a certain guard on the senior
basketball team.
MARIANNE ringing bells.
SHIRLEY getting a date with Mike or John.
MARY'S mind not being lost in the halls of McMaster.
DOREEN P. bowling 300.
GEORGENA up among the lumberjacks.
ALICE P. doing a dance for Phil.
EDNA trying to understand French, or is it Rael?
Ruth being Mary's other-half.
BEV. W. taking shorthand from Don.
CHARLOTTE working in a drugstore ten years from now.

Alice T. not walking by Leggat Motors just because ???
Everyone in 11-G not getting along swell with MR. NOAD.

11-K

Our little class consists of live.
We're all as ambitious as a big beehive.
But like any other, we have our fate,
It's learning English from Mr. State.
Yet, we cannot forget the one who couldn't be grander,
He's our own drafting teacher—Mr. Alexander.

11-N

KEITH BISHOP—Mr. LeRoy's sleeping boy. Fond of girls, but
not of work. Oh, no, girls, "Bish" is still talking about
Eleanor. What a dish she must be! Better not let the wolves
of 11-N see her.

DON FIRTH—Well, here's one guy who must be in love, be-
cause whenever you mention Kay, he lights up like a Christ-
mas tree. To complete a perfect day, he must see Kay!
GORD GLEED—Alias "Boulder" which rather surprises the man
at the head of the songsters in the school. Boulder, usually
rough in class, would no doubt be cooled down very fast
by some nice young chick.

DON HUTTON—Wind Commander. "Sleepy" Don Hutton is
the pride and joy of the R.C.A.F. How they get along without
him is more than we can understand.

RON HOPKINS—Ron, besides being a crooner, also has brains.
Here's hoping Ron doesn't get one of those failing marks in
Electrical Science (90%), that he growls about.

BOB MILLAR—And now we get to our 4 year man. He seems
to be setting the Junior Church Basketball League on fire.
He has been showing the class clippings where he scores
one, two and even three points a game. He is also a born
bachelor.

CAL MITCHELL—This boy talks a great deal, but says nothing.
He is also a women's man, especially if she is named
Marion. He spends 90% of his time in the Commercial sec-
tion, I wonder why.

FRANK SHIPTON—Frank is definitely getting to be a lady's
man. Judging by all the girls he talks about, he must be
playing the field and doing very well. Well, Frank, we
hope that the Love Bug Doesn't Bite.

11-U

DORENE BRAITHWAITE—11-U's Grandmother.

BILL BRUNTON—Running away from moose!

JESSIE KERR—Dreaming about Phil.

MARIE ROUSSEL—What does the name HERCULES mean to her.

AMELIA TOTH—Why all the dances all of a sudden.

11-T

TEN YEARS IN THE FUTURE—

BATZOLD—Trimming hedges at the Mountain San.

MURIEL B.—Still waiting for Kelly.

COLLINS—Taking pictures for Esquire.

CRUCKSHANKS—Still shooting for the basket.

JANE C.—Cooking for Bob.

DODGE—Janitor at Mount Hope Airport.

EMERY—Just moved his bed to "Mikes".

GRANDFIELD—Sweeping Westdale halls.

GREEN—Limy's successor.

HARKNESS—Just calling for his gal.

HEAD—Still dodging those darn telephone poles.

JANKOWSKI—Future Sinatra.

KIPPER—Bushed pilot.

MARSHALL—Still looking for Rose's house.

SYLVIA M.—Scrubbing floors for "Lucky."

MEIKLE—Still getting his wires crossed.

MOORE—(Gibby) teaching his children football.

MOULE—Still doing a hundred miles an hour.

NARDI—Making his home in Indiana.

NICOL—"Lover Boy."

ROSE P.—Keeping house for ten kids.

RANKIN—Still catching up in history.

REISENWEBER—New King of slot machines.

ROSS—"The Hindoo" in the Koosh Grotto.

ROTHWELL—Still moving his furniture to Dundas.

SHEPPARD—Finally house cleaning his pockets.

SHORE—Just leaving Westdale.

SMALLMAN—Will he be awake by then?

THOMAS—"Ladies' Man"—Ancaster style!

THOMPSON—Will Lois be leading him to the altar?

TOWNSEND—Blowing his trumpet for the Salvation Army.

VANSICKLE—Ambition—To reach five feet (in ten yrs.

4 ft. 11 in.)

WHITEFIELD—Deck swabbing down at H.M.C.S. Star.

YATES—Playing jazz in the New York Symphony.

MR. RICHARDSON—Still trying to get us ALL out of third.

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11-W

"WE HAVE A POEM"

Mr. Sweetlove's our form master
 To cross him up would spell disaster
 NUTTALL tried it—what happened to him
 Nobody knows but where's his chin?
 GOS is our boy till he gets out the door
 But KISH always clouts him with a 2 by 4.
 SCIME'S the boy who dreams of dough
 While SZOSTAK treats it just like snow.
 SONODA (THE BRAIN) knows all that is said
 But when RIZZO is asked he just scratches his head.
 Just BUTTRUM'S left, but what more can be said
 Like the rest of us, he's pretty near dead.
 Believe us, please, because this is true,
 And also the end of "11-W"
 P.S.—May we rest in peace!!!

12-A

As you well know, without being told
 The actions of 12-A are always bold,
 For this mighty class has brains and beauty,
 And not one of the handsome bunch is ever snoozy.
 First is BOLTON, there is none quite the same,
 Then comes lover-boy DANIELS, never the tame!
 We have potential stars in MOFFAT and GLENNIE,
 Who, in our class, are only two in many.
 For big blue eyes look at blonde DEMBROSKI
 And boy, how they wink at that dark VISOKY.
 But a few have been caught like poor RON RAYNER
 Or trapped for years like that man SAYNOR.
 We have a shorty in JONES, but still quite a man.
 And in CUNLIFFE, an expert in judging a gam.
 We often wonder what ARMES really thinks
 Or why Miss Kerr at MARTIN winks?
 Do you know much about that man LEES
 And why that REID one not often sees?
 Poor SANDERSON is another one snagged,
 And MITCHELL has really been bagged.
 But a few did escape this terrible fate
 And fought for existence until of late
 When even the old stalwarts like MILLER and LOCK
 Examined a passing well-turned sock.
 As to FAIRLEY'S love life, opinions are parted
 And we have to give BRILLINGER time to get started.
 Then comes ROWSON, he can't get enough school
 And FARNAN, destined to be an army mule.
 Then last but not least, MR. COOPER, one of the boys,
 Who quietly piles up our blocks and picks up our toys!

In our class we have only nine gals
 But believe it or not they are really great pals.
 LOIS CHRISTIE, wake up! YOU NO CAN DO,
 They won't allow girls in at St. Andrew!
 After riding, JOYCE WARREN had a stiff back—
 But her little Brownies soon cured that.
 KATHY COULTER, to Hamilton please be true;
 Why should Weston or Mimico ever get you?
 MARY JOAN BATES wears choir gowns both white and black
 Have those things on your arms yet spread to your back?
 BARBARA COLE, we haven't seen much of John
 Well, if Jone is gone, where is Ron?
 JOYCE BOND, do you not find it to your choice
 Being one lone gal in a geography class of boise?
 ANN FRENCH, I do just adore your hair!
 But you don't do your homework—is that fair?
 DONNA BEECHING or "Frenchie" she's sometimes called
 Have you yet your Maple Leaf calendar installed?
 ME, I have STEWIE for my nickname,
 Can't think of anything else, ain't it a shame!

12-B

12-B IN 10 YEARS—

LOUIS GASPARIK—Replacing Milton Berle on T.V.
 RON NEWNHAM—Manager of Aitken's.
 KAYE PATTERSON—Teaching that "K" method.
 MARG. LANG—Teaching Westdale's first ballet class.
 WILF HOUSER—Salesman for O'Keels.
 HOWARD POWELL—Explaining the lipstick smears to his
 wife.
 JILL MACKENZIE—Telling her kids about "Jack and Jill".
 KEN SNELL—Still trying to get rid of a certain girl.
 PETE KAPPELE—Playing trumpet for Kenton.
 EVELYN MACALUSO—Teaching 6-man defence.
 IRWIN FUSS—New Latin teacher at Westdale.

HUGH MURRAY—Writing a book entitled "Behaviour of Girls."
MARION LINTON—Writing a History book dedicated to Mr. Fee.
BOB NEILSON—Starting his own jazz band.
LOIS FRID—Dean at McMaster University.
DON SCRUTON—Still trying to find time for French.
CLARENCE HARRISON—Manager of the Westdale Loblaws.
PETE MOORE—Married to a French girl with 10 kids.
MARJORIE COOK—Raising her own football team.
FAITH LEWIS—Her favourite hobby still Musick.
DIANE ROSART—Teaching Geometry at Central.
DOUG HADDOCK—Doing illustrations for Esquire.
PETE HOWE—Skinning down Mt. Everest with McDuff.
KEN MARTIN—Taking fourth year French at night school.
KATHIE HAWKEN—Doing atomic research in Mr. Ballantyne's lab.
JUDY LYONS—We leave it to you.
GEORGIA BEATTY—Starting a girl's division at Ridley.
BARB MEHLBENBACHER—AWOL from the WAACs.
GLORIA RAYNSFORD—Operating a new Mountain bus service.
GERRY JARRETT—Acting "Juliet" for George.
MR. FEE—Still one of the favourite teachers at Westdale.

12-C

THEME SONGS—

JOAN ARCHIBALD—Canadien Capers.
LARRY BORKOWITZ—Put another Nickel in.
MYRTLE DOYLE—Ken anyone explain?
ESTHER ELSTONE—Take a letter, Miss Smith.
GLORIA FORMAN—Portrait of a Flirt.
ALAN GREEN—My Nancy with a laughing face.
MARG. HOPKINSON—On, Howie danced.
MIMI JOHNSTON—From the Hulls of Montezuma.
JOHN HULL—There's a chapter in my life called Mary.
BEATRICE MYERS—To the Shores of Tripoli.
JEAN McAULEY—What's the prescription for love?
JANE OSBORNE—They'll never con "Vince" me.
AL LIEBERMAN—I'm bashful.
MICHAEL NEWHOUSE—Two loves, have I?
LARRY PAIKIN—A little bit independent.
BARB PATTERSON—If you like—a me.
NICK RIZZO—Jeanie with the light brown hair.
GORD STEWART—Bongo bongo I don't wanna leave the jungle.
REET TOLPUSS—Ain't she sweet?
JOHN WILSON—Like I like-a you.
MICHAEL RAINES—Are you for real?
MARION WRIGHT—It Max no difference now.
PHIL YANOEVER—There is nothing like a dame.
HELEN KELLS—Chicago, Chicago!
MR. BALLANTYNE—I'm forever blowing bubbles.

12-F

JUST IMAGINE—

ANNE AIKENS in a mild game of basketball.
CAROL BARRETT hustling the men.
RON BELL as the class Casanova.
DOT BOWES without her "Joan of Arc" haircut.
ALLAN BRAITHWAITE without his blush.
ELAINE BRAITHWAITE not interested in Alberton's Hockey Team.
PAT BRAITHWAITE without man trouble.
MARIE CAUZ taking things easy.
LAURA CHALECKI not typing like Irma Wright.
ELENA COLOTEL taking it easy in basketball.
DIANE DONALD with a life of leisure.
JULIETTE GARNHAM not telling jokes.
ANNA GONDA a second Dorothy Dix. (heh, heh).
AUDREY HANNAFORD not seeing the "Don" rise.
JOAN KIPFER without an out-of-town boyfriend.
IRENE KOZINA making a choice between her two men.
MAUREEN LEAIST without her giggle.
ROSE LENKO with no questions to ask.
JEAN LIPIEC as "champ" lady wrestler.
BEETY LOU MILLS not seeing Lynn at change of class.
DON MOFFATT as the class hermit.
JOYCE PARRISH with no "Will" of her own.
JOHN PITKEATHLEY with a five-foot girl friend.
PAT POOLE not laughing out loud in class.
SHIRLEY PORTER without Diane and Maureen.
BUNNY ROSINSHIAN not having something to complain about.

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HAM'S HAM

BARB STEVENTON not being called to the office during class.
MARG. WRIGHT missing skating on Saturday night.
WILLIE SMITH not chinning on the bars of the bus.

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LULUBELLE makes the boys all go "Ah"
But her heart's desire is in Ottawa.
TANNA simply loves to talk
And round her boys will often flock.
EVELYN is from Lynden and is smart
She knows her weakness and so does Art.
In Merchandising BARB's never tiresome
Good luck to her next year at Ryerson!
"Uncle" JOYCE FOX is such a little miss
But writing to England she is in her bliss.
VALERIE thought some day she'd marry
But all is lost—including Jerry.
JEANNE is always full of bliss,
We're sure with Bob she'll never miss.
GLORIA is our Commercial Rep.
And a cheerleader with lots of pep.
GEORGE jokes and kids the whole day long
When four o'clock comes he's still going strong.
DONNA'S always late, I wonder why!
Could it be Moe? He's quite a guy.
Right at this moment JOE feels blue
But never mind, LUKE, we all love you.
MARIE LUNT, our classroom rep.
With a certain Bill is really hep!
ROSIE'S our dark eyed basketball star
We know in life she'll really go far.
JOEY may be the smallest of all
But he's still our star in basketball!
TED McNALLY, Romeo of the class,
Has been pitching wood with a 12-F lass.
BILL is a crooner who sings like Martin
If he wants to be married he'll have to get startin'.
BOB MORRISON appears to be shy
But with the girls he's quite a guy.
BARBARA'S the "little one" of our class
For whom many men have made a pass.
KATHRYN, our Yankee lass with a dark complexion
Is well-known by all, but Bob has her affection.
JUNE is well-known and liked by all
But George is still the best of all!
Volleyball and basketball our PAT does heed
And in an office she should succeed.
MISS WHITHAM to us, is certainly the best
But who's the small fry she writes out West?
JERRY, VICTOR, BEVERLEY and PAT have given up
To the four of you we wish Good Luck!

12-K

ERNIE GOOCH—Talks a lot of the one and only town (Milton).
ROSS IRELAND—Isn't number one headache.
RUSS JAGGARD—quote "I'm warning you, Spriggs" unquote.
BILL O'KROOK—His favourite sport is "women".
ALBERT SEARS—Mr. Popular Mechanics.
TED SMART—Has two loves, basketball and a blonde.
DON SPRIGGS—A little guy with a big mouth.

12-L

DON BROWN—Would make a good housewife.
PAUL COX—A big guy with nothing to say.
RON DAVIS—He's got a Lake Erie complex (Turkey Point).
DOUG LAING—Getting picked up by strange drivers.
MIKE SYDOR—Did you hear how many points I got Friday.
ALEK USIK—"The Great Lover."

12-M

DAVE GIGLIA—Tall, dark, handsome, and useless.
KEITH NICHOLS—When I was in camp, "Oh, Brother!"

12-N

AL BROOKSON—Loves to take long walks in the zero weather with a blonde.
RON EVANS—Loves to shoot rabbits, crows, squirrels and game wardens.
MR. TURNER—Has anyone seen Brookson and Evans?

12-R

BILL CHRISTMAS—Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.
NICK DOWHANTIUK—Likes to avoid a certain girl.
JOHN RADCLIFFE—R.C.A.F. Johnnie.
ANDY TARCHUK—Asking stupid questions.
GEORGE USIK—His brother's exact opposite.

12-W

CARL GLASS—The Copetown Kid.
MAX MacDONALD—We woodworkers work hard!
DINO MINATO—Usually hiding from Max.

12-T

HARRY BARR—He'll fly his own flying saucer some day.
GORD BARTHOLOMEW—One of the roving kind (on his motor-bike).
PAUL BLAKE—If you see a raccoon coat riding a bike, it's him.
VIC CAMERON—Alias, The Shiek. What's he got against humans?
CLAIRE CHESNEY—He's cute.
BOB CROSSAN—Smiley Burnett's only rival.
DOUG DORSEY—Eye, ear, nose, and Math. specialist.
JERRY EDGE—If you ask him to beat it, he will. (His drum, that is).
PAUL GREENHOW—Alias "Bone Crusher" of Westdale Juniors.
FRANK GEARD—Alias "Casanogood", The classes jovial genius.
DON HEAVEN—Alias "Mumbles", but can he sing. Can he?
CHRIS LEWIS—Alias Arthur Murray and Lancaster's "Li'l Abner."
RON MacLEOD—There haint a gal in the school he doesn't know.
MEL LANOOY—Why don't Lanooch drive his 28 Cadillac to school?
JIM MORRISON—Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No! It's mighty mouth.
IAN McDONALD—He invented the radio. What good did it do him?
BILL NICHOLSON—Ever heard of "The Thing"? That's his.
GLENN PATTINSON—Future Manager of Locke St. Branch of A. & P.
JOE PUSKAS—He's been at Westdale longer'n the Colonel.
JOHN PASCHNIK—"The Typewriter Terror" but he makes better time on the second floor.
JACK ROGERS—Biggest contributor to the "Marshall" Plan.
JOHN SAVCHUK—Just happened to be at the Palace when it was raided.
DON THOMPSON—Alias "The Ancient Mariner." Skipper of the "Flight".
DICK WILSON—"Whew, what's that smell. It's Wildroot Charley."
ANN BULMER—Surrounded by handsome he-men. (The only girl in the class).
HANK SKOCZYLAS—So many brains in his head there's no room for common sense.

ADVERTISERS' INDEX

	Page
Aldridge Family Store	92
Alma College	74
Beckett, Hubert	68
Begg's Clothiers	82
Be-Te Telephone	2
Birk's	91
Blake, Herb.	70
Bliss, A. E.	80
Blue Sunoco Service Station	36
Bryans & Currie	85
Canada Business College	51
Chambers Realtors	60
Chicken Root	83
City Laundry	85
CNOOC	74
Cloke & Son, Limited	75
Cunningham Studio	79
CJSH-FM	22
Duncan, Robert	73
Fairclough Printing Company	89
Ford's Drug Store	68
Fox, H. G.	73
Garrison's Patent Medicines	69
Gillies, George	88
Gordon Bros. Limited	75
Grafton & Company, Limited	79
Gray, W. H., & Son	71
Hamilton Hardware	92
Heming Bros.	80
Hill's Photography	86
Hunter's Hardware & Electric	88
Hutton, Lorne	80
Jessop's Pharmacy	78
Jewell Bros.	83
Laidman's Drug Store	80
Lang's Foods	73
Leather Cartage	60
Lees, Thomas	34
Le Marchant	78
Lounsbury & Lounsbury	34
Lowe, J. G.	52
Lucas Travel Service	44
Lumsden Bros.	56
Mattison, Sam	86
Metal Textile Corporation	76
Modern Printery	34
Murray, Alfred	52
McAlpine, D. D.	83
McAuley's Pharmacy	69
McGregor, C. D.	92
McKay & Co.	64
McMaster University	59
Neilson's	Outside Back Cover
Park Business College	76
Parke & Jarke	65
Rapid Blue Print	64
Robinson, G. W., Co.	51
Ross Drugs	70
Rowson's Book Shop	28
Rymal, Bert	68
Sellens Motors Limited	86
Sharp, George	71
Smith, Frank B.	73
Spudnie Shop	86
Strangers' Drugs	55
Taylor Opticians	70
Thompson's Drug Store	79
Thompson & Thompson	80
Trophy-Craft	69
Turkstra Construction	59
Turkstra's Eggs	64
Turner Business College	89
Victoria College	44
Well's Pharmacy	62
Westcourt Hairdressing	71
Westdale Farmers Market	82
Westdale Fish & Chips	92
Westdale Florists	82
Westdale Hardware	86
Westdale Lanes	78
Westdale New Idea Laundry	80
Westdale News Shop	85
Westdale Radio & Record Bar	65
Westdale Shoe Repair	86
Westinghouse Company	Inside Back Cover
Wickes, George	Inside Front Cover
Wilkinson-Kompa	73
Williams, Howard	43

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